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From Dwight's Journal of Music.

AUTUMN.

DOWNWARD Time's sunny slope the year descend-  
ing,

With slow step, glides ;

Like Pan he seems his reedy music blending  
With the eternal tides.

The loud, full strains of the bright festive Sum-  
mer,

He once outpoured,

Now modulate with low and gentle murmur  
To a rich minor chord.

Slowly he goes, with gay leaves red and yellow  
Around him bound ;

With wheat and ripe fruits large and mellow  
Well over-topped and crowned.

As from a tree, he drops the days so golden,

Like his own fruits,

Each one a reflex of that sunshine olden,  
That woke Arcadian flutes.

Far o'er the crystal streams, through tangled  
woods,

To mountain sides,

He breathes o'er all his still autumnal moods,  
As softly as he glides.

The grass is green beneath his silent tread ;

But the pale leaves

Are falling ; passing sometimes o'er their bed  
The chill wind sobs and grieves.

CCCCXXXVIII. LIVING AGE. VOL. II. 49

And the small rain comes drizzling through the  
air ;

The cold gray cloud

Hangs on the faces of the mountains fair,  
And wraps them in a shroud.

Yet stealth on the cheerful stout old Year,

And draws away

His clouds, and bids the sunlight, glittering clear,  
Burst out in joyous day.

The glow of vigorous eld, a kindly light

Is on his face.

At morn, at sunset, through the cool moist  
night.

Still goes his steady pace.

Down to the deep vale of the Past he goes.

Invisible gates

Before him open and behind him close,  
Locked by the stern old Fates.

And we are gliding with him hand in hand ;

There is no spot

Where we may pause to question or com-  
mand

The power that yieldeth not.

May I but pass as peacefully as thou,

When age draws near,

With fruits and gay leaf chaplets on my brow,  
Like thee, departing Year !

# 770 TO CAROLINE CHISHOLM.—A CAROL ON CAROLINE CHISHOLM.

From the Examiner.

## TO CAROLINE CHISHOLM.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

How little have the powerful of the earth  
Aided in raising up God's image, marred  
In falling, and from age to age trod down !  
Crowns have but crushed it ; shepherds and  
their flocks

Only the more defiled it ; Laws have buzzed  
Perplexing round about ; before the prance  
Of War they cowered awhile, then seized his  
hand,

And, running at his side, took half the spoil.  
Europe and Asia raised Gods over Gods,  
Men over men ; but gentle brotherhood  
They never knew. Our island sent beyond  
The Atlantic wave stern stubborn hearts, un-  
moved

By pity, and intolerant of tears.  
One after sent she forth of milder mien,  
And Peace and Justice were the counsellors  
On right and left of that sage patriarch.  
Brave was the sire, but braver was the son,  
Founder of states to live when Europe dies.

Greater than he comes one whom never gain  
Attracted, never sanguinary field  
Delighted, never idle peace allured  
From earnest duty ; through remoter seas  
Her vessel sails . . her vessel ? yes, that helm  
A woman guides . . but One above guides *her*.

Chisholm ! of all the ages that have rolled  
Around this rolling globe, what age hath seen  
Such arduous, such Heaven-guided enterprise  
As thine ? Crime flies before thee, and the  
shores

Of Austral Asia, lustrated by thee,  
Collect no longer the putrescent weeds  
Of Europe, cast by senates to infect  
The only unpolluted continent.  
Thither hast thou conducted honest toil  
Fainting of hunger on the wealthy street,  
Thither the maiden in whose pallid face  
Lust thought he saw his victim, but could raise  
Only one blush, and one indignant tear.  
These, these hast thou watched over, nor hast  
looked

Beyond, where Glory sits awaiting thee ;  
Nor wouldst thou hear with any fresh delight,  
What sages in their histories will record,  
That the most potent empire of the earth  
Was planted, some five centuries before,  
Under God's guidance, by his Chisholm's hand.  
Semiramis begirt with terraced walls  
Her mighty city for the prince and slave ;  
Thy grander soul threw open a wide world  
With one command. *Be virtuous, and be free.*

From Punch.

## A CAROL ON CAROLINE CHISHOLM.

COME, all you British females of wealth and high  
degree,  
Bestowing all your charity on lands beyond the  
sea,

I'll point you out a pattern, which a better plan  
will teach,  
Than that of sending missionaries to Tombuctoo to  
preach.

Converting of the heathen 's a very proper view,  
By preaching true religion to Pagan and to Jew,  
And bringing over cannibals to Christian meat  
and bread —

Unless they catch your parson first, and eat him  
up instead.

But what 's more edifying to see, a pretty deal,  
Is hearty British laborers partaking of a meal,  
With wives, and lots of children, about their  
knees that climb,  
And having tucked their platefuls in, get helped  
another time.

Beyond the roaring ocean, beneath the soil we  
tread,  
You 've English men and women, well housed  
and clothed and fed,  
Who but for help and guidance to leave our  
crowded shores,  
Would now be stealing, begging, or lie starving  
at our doors.

Who taught them self-reliance, and stirred them  
to combine,  
And club their means together to get across the  
brine,  
Instead of strikes, and mischief, and breaking of  
the law,  
And wasting time in hearing incendiaries jaw ?

Who led their expeditions : and under whose  
command  
Through dangers and through hardships sought  
they the promised land ?

A second Moses, surely, it was who did it all,  
It was a second Moses in bonnet and in shawl.

By means of one good lady were all these wonders  
wrought,  
By Caroline Chisholm's energy, benevolence, and  
thought ;

Instead of making here and there a convert of a  
Turk,  
She has made idle multitudes turn fruitfully to  
work.

The ragged pauper crawling towards a parish  
grave  
She roused — directed to a home beyond the  
western wave ;  
She smoothed his weary passage across the trou-  
bled deep,  
With food and air, and decencies of ship-room  
and of sleep.

There 's many a wife and mother will bless that  
lady's name,  
Embracing a fat infant, who might else have  
drowned the same,

A mother, yet no wife, compelled by poverty to sin,  
And die in gaol or hospital of misery and gin.

The Reverend Ebenezer, I 'd not deny his dues,  
For saving Patagonians, Bosjesmen, and Zooloes ;  
But Mrs. Chisholm's mission is what I far prefer ;  
For saving British natives I 'd give the palm to her.

And now that a subscription is opened and begun,  
In order to acknowledge the good that she has  
done

Among that sort of natives — the most important  
tribe —  
Come down like handsome people, and handsome-  
ly subscribe.

From the North British Review.

1. *Select Metrical Hymns and Homilies of Ephraem Syrus. Translated from the Original Syriac, with an Introduction and Historical and Philological Notes.* By the Rev. HENRY BURGESS, Ph. D. of Göttingen, a Presbyterian of the Church of England, Translator of the Festal Letters of Athanasius from an Ancient Syriac Version. London, 1853.
2. *Bardesanes Gnosticus, Syrorum primus Hymnologus. Commentatio Historico-Theologica quam scripsit* AUGUSTUS HAHN. Lipsiæ, 1819.
3. *Visit to the Monasteries of the Levant.* By the Hon ROBERT CURZON, Jun. Fourth Edition. London, 1853.
4. *The Nestorians and their Rituals.* By the Rev. G. P. BADGER, M.A., East India Company's Chaplain. 2 vols. London, 1852.

DR. ARNOLD has somewhere remarked that histories, instead of being too much prolonged, are too brief and superficial. The remark expresses, we are sure, the intense feeling of many in these times to whom the study of the past is a deep moral necessity, and who long for a history which shall be more than a mere syllabus of names, and dates, and external events — which shall connect these with the human hearts and intellects whence they have received life. As regards a history of the Church the matter seems to stand thus. We have something more than its grand outlines in the well-known works of Mosheim, Gieseler, and Neander; yet even the amplest and richest of these books leaves behind it a feeling of dissatisfaction, if it be intelligently and earnestly read. Our conceptions are painfully dim, when we are eager to obtain a close and familiar knowledge of the every-day movements of the Christian community. Our reading has only awakened a keen craving for information more minute and life-like. We thus are grateful for supplemental books — like Neander's Tertullian and Julian and Chrysostom, or, indeed, for any contributions which may in some measure help us to imagine the actual Christianity of the past and the distant — fitted as the picture often is to expand the sympathies and abate prejudices.

One marked characteristic of recent research into other forms of Christian life is the special attention now given to the venerable but sadly decrepit Christian communities of the East, whose formularies exist in languages cognate with the ancient Hebrew. For ages these have been considered, it may be, as objects of curiosity and mournful retrospect, but also as remote from the hopes and living interests of modern Christian civilization. Happily this indifference is beginning to disappear. The works of Curzon, Layard, Badger, Fletcher

and many others, have made Englishmen in some measure familiar with the interesting communities on the mountains and in the valleys of Syria and Egypt. The generation which has disclosed the long-buried monuments of Nineveh, and in which the eyes of the politicians of the world are keenly directed to the East, has brought into high relief the present forms and feeble vitality of the Christian institutions of Ethiopia and Syria.

Among the oriental churches those of Syria should always hold a first place in the affections of Christendom. The New Testament, it is true, in wise adaptation to the wants of coming ages, was given to the world in Greek. But we remember that our Lord and his disciples spoke in the dialect of Syria: \* that although the sacred penmen wrote in Greek, it was in Syriac that they heard their Master's utterances, and first preached the coming of the "Kingdom of Heaven." In Syria, too, Christianity obtained its earliest triumphs, and the disciples were called Christians first at Antioch.

The works placed at the head of this article offer an occasion for presenting some information — new and curious even to the student — concerning the life and literature of this section of ancient Christendom. Syriac literature, in its existing monuments, embraces the whole period from the date of the invaluable Syriac version of the Scriptures, known as the *Peshito*, until the present age. It bursts upon us at the earlier epoch in all the effulgence of a sanctified intellect, and then gradually declines to the misty and scarcely animated productions of modern ecclesiastics. † Then the language was spoken by nations of great political influence and refinement, and was made to express every shade of thought and passion; but now it has ceased to be an organ of a people, and only lives in church formularies, and occasional controversial or diplomatic productions. A *patois*, in which fragments of Syriac are discoverable among the overlaying Arabic, may still be found in retired religious communities; but, with these rare exceptions, the language has long been a dead one. ‡ The era

\* From various causes, especially their captivity in Babylon, the Hebrews lost their dialect, and adopted the Aramean or Syriac, thus becoming, in the decline of national greatness, more assimilated with the surrounding peoples. It was the language of Syria, therefore, and not a corruption of Hebrew, as is sometimes supposed, that was vernacular to our Lord and apostles. The Hebrew was still the sacred tongue; but the language of ordinary life was, provincialisms excepted, that used at Damascus, Antioch, and Edessa.

† Joseph, a Syrian patriarch, who died in 1714, wrote a treatise on the Nestorian Controversy respecting the person of Christ.

‡ Since writing the previous sentences, we have received from a gentleman, lately returned from Persia, a number of a magazine, printed and

of its triumph and glory may be said to have declined soon after the death of Ephraem, in the year 372; but it continued to exert an important influence, especially in translations, down to the time of Bar Hebraeus, or Abulpharag, in the thirteenth century.

We might devote an article to the Syriac version of the Old and New Testaments alone, of which the excellences, though generally acknowledged, are far too little understood. The fact that Syriac is so closely allied to Hebrew would, *primâ facie*, confer importance on a version of the Old Testament into the cognate tongue, apart from the acknowledged fidelity of the Peschito translation. How much more does the fact that our Lord and his apostles spoke in Syriac confer value on the translation of the New Testament made at a time when the language was vernacular to those who executed it! It is not improbable that in this Syriac version we have, in many cases, the *exact words employed in their public ministrations by our Lord and his apostles*. And yet this precious monument of ancient piety and learning was not known in Europe until the middle of the sixteenth century, when Ignatius, the patriarch of Antioch, sent Moses of Merdin to obtain the aid of the Roman Pontiff in printing it. Compared with the Greek original and the Latin Vulgate, its criticism is but recent, and therefore scanty and imperfect.\*

In order to convey to our readers some idea of the remains of the past, to which so high a value is justly attached, we may describe briefly a Syriac manuscript, which we had lately an opportunity of inspecting in the British Museum. After glancing at other objects in that grand national repository, we made our way to the manuscript department, where the written lore of past ages, which

published by the American missionaries in Ormuz, in that country. We have been agreeably surprised to find, that although there is a great admixture of words of Persian and Arabic origin, the Syriac is sufficiently prominent to give to the language its character. The work is in quarto, and is entitled, "Rays of Light." It consists of missionary and miscellaneous articles on religious subjects. We rejoice in this happy symptom,

\* No want is more pressing, in relation to biblical learning, than a good critical edition of the Syriac Scriptures, formed by the aid of the numerous ancient MSS. which are now known to exist. We believe such a task is contemplated by the Rev. W. Cureton, and earnestly hope he may be able to complete it. To say nothing of the stores of the Vatican, there are materials in our own Museum of the highest value in relation to such a reedition. Manuscripts of the Holy Scriptures have been brought from Egypt at the expense of our government, and are waiting for some practised hand to unlock their treasures. Criticism, on the Greek side, has pretty nearly exhausted its stores, and it may therefore be hoped that attention will now be turned to this rich, but scarcely cultivated field.

once slumbered in darkness and was the prey of worms, shakes itself from the dust, and puts on the garb of Russia binding, under the supervision of Sir Frederick Madden. The resurrection of these faded parchments has, in many cases, raised human thought from the charnel-house, and given immortality to what was long considered dead. This is the temple of their fame, in whose niches that which remains of the poet, the philosopher, the historian, or the divine, is now enshrined. This is the palace of the former great ones of the world of mind, where, in silent state, each shall sit, probably until the day of doom, disturbed only by the curious student or desultory visitor. But let us spend a short time with these spectres of other years.

We begin with the venerable relics which have more than their antiquity to recommend them — the manuscripts which God has made the depositories of the documents on which our faith as Christians is built. This is a Syriac manuscript from the collection of Rich, named after that successful explorer of oriental treasures. To preserve it from injury, it is enclosed in a case, which, when opened, presents a compact volume of the size which we moderns call *royal octavo*, and about two inches and a half in thickness. It is bound in Russia, its contents being lettered on the back. This is a copy of the version of the New Testament in Syriac, which we have already mentioned; it is described in the catalogue as exceedingly old, the inscription of its transcriber fixing its completion in the year of the Greeks 1079, or A. D. 768, making its present age nearly eleven centuries. A man may well feel awed when opening a production written by hands so long since shrouded in the tomb, in regions far away, and relating to topics so sublime. The material is the finest vellum, more or less discolored by age; indeed, much more so than some of the Nitrian manuscripts a century or two earlier. The writing is in double columns, and, like most ancient documents, is exceedingly correct, clerical errors being comparatively rare. The ink is very thick in consistency, more like a pigment, making the letters stand out somewhat in relief; and, except where damp has injured it, the writing is quite intelligible, as though written but yesterday. The titles of the separate books, and the headings of the ecclesiastical divisions, are written in red and green ink, of so good a color that they give the page a gay appearance. The beginning of the volume, as far as the third chapter of Matthew, is lost; but the deficiency has been supplied, in a larger character, by a more modern writer. A note informs us that the work was finished more than a thousand years ago by a certain Sabar Jesu, in the monastery of Beth Coceni.

O Sabar Jesu! we mentally exclaimed, on whose handiwork we are now looking, who

wert thou! what was thy history! what drove thee from the world to the company of monks, and what was the extent of thy literary labors! This age knows nothing of thee but thy name, thus inscribed by thyself in red letters at the close of thy great undertaking. Thy course was silent and contemplative, for a work like this could only be wrought in the solitary cell, and with concentrated attention. We will not say, *On thy soul may God have mercy*, as thy fellow-scribes so often write at the close of their tasks; but we will hope that, while giving to after ages this monument of Christian truth, thou didst feed upon it in thine own spirit! Sabar Jesu, thou wast different in thy language, thy dress, and thy habits, from the men of this generation, but thou wast a Christian, and didst, we hope, drink of the same living waters as supply our wants, and we therefore gladly call thee brother. We trust thou art now at rest, and wilt stand in thy lot at the end of the days!

Edessa appears to have been renowned for its literature very early in the Christian era. Tradition ascribes its conversion to Thomas the apostle. There are reasons for thinking that these translations of the Bible were made there; but it is certain that the place was celebrated for its schools of learning. Asseman states,\* that "in the city of Edessa there was a school of the Persian nation, established by some one unknown, in which Christian youths were taught sacred literature." Indubitable proofs are furnished by Dr. Burgess of a very early literary vitality in this celebrated city. Here Bardesanes flourished in the second century, and here Ephraem preached and wrote in the fourth. Much curious information respecting Bardesanes, especially in relation to the Syriac Hymnology, is found in the scarce tract named at the head of this paper. He was a Gnostic Christian, who, by the charms of oratory, and by musical adaptations to hymns and other metrical compositions, bewitched the people with his heresies. His works have perished, except some fragments found in the writings of Ephraem; but, from the testimony borne by ancient writers, he must have been a man of rare genius, able greatly to influence the public mind.

It was in opposition to the influence exerted by the memory and the writings of Bardesanes, that Ephraem, the Deacon of Edessa, as the "champion of Christ, put on his arms, and proclaimed war against the forces of his enemies." Thus originated a noble monument of Christian literature, in the form of a set of polemical homilies, which have come down to us in the original Syriac. They are entitled, in the Roman edition, *Sermones Polemici adversus Haeresees*. They contain an ac-

count of the heresies which disturbed the Eastern Church in the four first centuries, more copious, perhaps, than is extant in any other record.

It thus appears that from the time of the formation of the Peschito versions to Ephraem, the Syriac language was employed as an important instrument for affecting the public mind. We have no doubt that many works of genius appeared in the long interval, as well as those of Bardesanes. But we must look to Ephraem as the great master of Syriac literature, for in his time the language was in its complete manhood. How much he wrote it is impossible to say; but his surviving compositions are voluminous, and have yet, for the most part, to be introduced to the public. It is doubted by some whether he understood Greek; it is certain that he did not write in it; and, consequently, his works extant in that language are only translations. Yet it is by these versions that he is generally estimated as an author, his genuine Syriac writings having been neglected, in the too prevalent ignorance of that language. Great facility is given for the study of them by the magnificent edition published at Rome by the Asseman in the early part and about the middle of the last century. In six large folios, nearly all the confessed works of this celebrated Father of the church have been collected, and edited with a critical sagacity and elaborate care which must ever confer honor on the editors. Three volumes contain the Greek translations, and three the Syriac originals — the latter being in nearly all cases productions different from the former. Of these three volumes, about one and a half are occupied with a Commentary on the Old Testament, which deserves more attention than it has yet received. The other volume and a half contain hymns and homilies on every variety of topic concerning Christian life and doctrine.\*

The Syriac writers after Ephraem are very numerous, but none possess his genius. They are all referred to, with notices of their lives and characteristic catalogues of their known writings, in that marvellous production of learned industry, the *Bibliotheca Orientalis* of J. S. Asseman. This work, like the edition of Ephraem just referred to, we owe to the patronage of the Popes, and the treasures of the Vatican — would that two such potent instruments were always as usefully employed! — both turned to account by the master-minds of the Asseman and their coadjutors. It may be confidently said that this work contains literary wealth not likely to be soon exhausted; and that Syriac literature is more

\* It is from this portion of Ephraem's writings that Dr. Burgess has selected the pieces translated in his volume. He has accompanied the translations with some valuable notes.

\* Bibliotheca Orientalis, tom. iv., p. 69.

indebted to it than to any work besides, the editions of the Holy Scriptures excepted. As a catalogue, it indicates where materials for illustrating the Syrian church, its language and literature, are to be found; but it does far more than this. It gives lengthened extracts from the writers enumerated; to such an extent, indeed, that Syriac lexicography would be marvellously enriched if these stores alone were properly examined and applied. There is only one deduction to make from the praises we are able to bestow on both these works — the edition of Ephraem and Bibliotheca — they are necessarily very expensive, and consequently not always available to those who might make good use of them.

We have said enough to show that Syriac literature is very extensive in its existing monuments, and that it supplies abundant materials for a laborious scholarship yet to work upon. But we must now turn to an aspect of it singularly interesting and remarkable, as exhibited to us in the volume of Dr. Burgess. We quote his words: —

When the student comes in contact with the Syrian church literature, either in manuscript or printed books, he is attracted by the singular fact, that much of it is in a metrical form. We lay stress on the word *student*, because a superficial investigation will leave the phenomenon unnoticed, as has indeed happened to men of learning. Both in manuscripts and printed books, the metrical verses of this literature are generally written as prose, only a point indicating the close of a rhythm, and that not always: so that such works may be consulted occasionally, as books of reference, without their artificial construction being perceived. But apart from all marks of distinction, as soon as these compositions are read and studied in their individual completeness, their rhythmical character becomes evident, sometimes from the poetical style of what is thus circumscribed by these prosodical measures, but always from the moulding and fashioning which the language has to undergo before it will yield up its freedom to the fetters of verse. This then is the sphere of our present undertaking, and it will be our duty to trace up this metrical literature to its origin as far as historical light will guide us; to say something on the laws by which its composition appears to be regulated; to glance at its existing monuments; and then, more especially, to treat of the works of Ephraem, the great master of this literature, a few of whose compositions are now brought before the English public. — Pp. xxii, xxiii.

Now, when it is known that all the extant writings of Ephraem in Syriac, with the exception of his Commentary on the Old Testament, are composed in this *metrical* form, and that in the Roman edition they occupy a folio volume and a half, it may excite surprise that this extraordinary feature should not have had more attention, and engaged scholars in

the diligent study of it.\* If this vast amount of composition had consisted merely of hymns, its neglect would have been less surprising; but it includes every description of subject, from discourses of great length to the short hymn properly so designated. We have here polemical treatises on doctrine, religious poems, meditations, and prayers.

It would be considered an extraordinary circumstance in the case of any Greek or Latin author, whose works are printed, that the *metrical form* of his writings should not be recognized; and yet this is what has happened to Ephraem. It is a fact which speaks loudly of the little attention given to Syriac learning. Nor is this a matter of mere literary curiosity. It concerns the whole Christian and ministerial life of these communities of Syria and their pastors, and reveals views of early Christianity most interesting and curious. As far as we can judge from existing documents, *all Ephraem's pulpit efforts were metrical*, and his hearers were instructed from time to time with compositions of rare felicity of invention and strength of argument, clothed in a form highly poetic.

The metrical writings of Ephraem have, for the most part, far more than the external and adventitious form of poetical composition; they are essentially poetic in their conception and execution. We cannot now present proof of this; but our readers may judge for themselves, by the few pieces which Dr. Burgess has translated. We cannot compare him with any of his predecessors, from the want of any of their remains, but he is favorably contrasted with those who come after him. For the greater part, the latter are circumscribed by the few topics especially related to them as churchmen, and can lay no claim to general literary knowledge and genius. But Ephraem, while confining himself very much to biblical thoughts, is copious in his fancy, and has a considerable creative imagination.

The external form of Ephraem's versification is varied, but in all cases the rhythm is reckoned by syllables — not by feet, as is generally the case in the Greek and Roman verse. The Syriac metres are six in number, consisting respectively of four, five, six, seven, eight, and twelve syllables. Each of these is found in strophes or stanzas of various lengths, from three or four to twenty or thirty verses. Many pieces are composed of different verses. Ephraem appears to have exercised much ingenuity, in giving the charm of variety to his compositions in accommodation to the popular taste of Edessa. Sometimes his pieces have rhymes, but these are of rare occurrence;

\* The editors of the Syriac works of Ephraem are not to be blamed for this, for they have, in their prefaces, pointed out all the metrical pieces, and expatiated on their various merits.

sometimes they have similar endings in the lines. It is a singular fact that, while the great number of forms and metres in our modern hymn-books is a ground of objection with some persons on the score of taste, the hymns of the Syrians of the fourth century go far beyond them in their capricious and fanciful arrangements. If, as is to be presumed, these were all accommodations to musical times, we have presented to us a Christian service, endeavoring by every possible variety to keep up the attention and life of the worshippers.

But there is another notable feature of these compositions, which is thus referred to by Dr. Burgess:—

Historical evidence is quite conclusive as to the popularity of the practice of *alternate* singing in the early Syrian church, and as to the important use made of it both by Bardesanes and Ephraem, as an instrument for moulding and fashioning the public mind. And its influence is founded in nature, exciting as it does an interest in a public service, and keeping alive an enthusiasm in more private musical performances. . . . There are at least two distinct forms of this practice manifest in the works of Ephraem. The first has the character of the dialogue, or rather of the *amœbaic* poems of Theocritus and Virgil; when two persons, or more, carry on a conversation on a topic forming the subject of the composition. . . . But the second form of the responsive chant is more common; it consists of a chorus at the end of each strophe, formed either by a repetition of a portion of the poem, by a prayer, or by a doxology. — P. liv.

When we ask the very natural question — Who invented these metres, or first introduced metrical compositions into Christian worship? we get no reply, the whole matter being involved in obscurity in the first and second centuries. Tradition assigns the invention to Bardesanes. Harmonius, the son of Bardesanes, is said to have been educated in Greece, and afterwards to have improved upon his father's discovery, by the introduction of Greek metres. We incline to think that the Syrians very early introduced into their language the metrical forms of the Greek and Latin literature; but whether the church originated the practice of metrical writing, or adopted it and improved upon it, is probably still an open question.

In the liturgies and service books of the Syrian Christians many hymns are interspersed, and it is from these shorter pieces that the current opinion respecting the character of the metrical writings has been formed. Certainly if Ephraem had only written these shorter pieces, they would have been worthy of attention; but the value of the metrical literature is greatly enhanced by its being the vehicle of discourses on controversies, and doctrines, as well as matters of Christian practice. A set of

homilies, thirteen in number, on the Nativity, occupy forty folio columns of Syriac, and may be properly considered as a continuous work, although thus divided for convenience.

Our readers may perhaps expect a specimen of the literature we have been describing, and we select the first hymn from the volume before us. It is in Tetrasyllabic metre in the Syriac, and consequently terse and compressed in its composition.

#### ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

O my Son, tenderly beloved!  
Whom grace fashioned  
In his mother's womb,  
And divine goodness completely formed.  
He appeared in the world  
Suffering like a flower;  
And Death put forth a heat  
More fierce than the sun,  
And scattered its leaves  
And withered it, that it ceased to be.  
I fear to weep for thee,  
Because I am instructed  
That the Son of the King hath removed thee  
To His bright habitation.

Nature in its fondness,  
Disposes me to tears,  
Because, my son, of thy departure.  
But when I remember the bright abode  
To which they have led thee,  
I fear lest I should defile  
The dwelling-place of the King  
By weeping, which is adverse to it;  
And lest I should be blamed  
For coming to the region of bliss  
With tears which belong to sadness;  
I will therefore rejoice,  
Approaching with my unmixed offering.

The sound of thy sweet notes  
Once moved me and caught mine ear,  
And caused me much to wonder;  
Again my memory listens to it,  
And is affected by the tones  
And harmonies of thy tenderness.  
But when my spirit groans aloud  
On account of these things,  
My judgment recalls me,  
And listens with admiration  
To the voices of those who live on high;  
To the song of the spiritual ones  
Who cry aloud, Hosanna!  
At thy marriage festival.

To appreciate the genius of this Syrian divine it is necessary to compare his hymns with those of the early Latin and Greek churches. This may be conveniently done, as far as the latter are concerned, by consulting Daniel's *Thesaurus Hymnologicus*.<sup>\*</sup> A great difference will, with a few exceptions, be at once perceptible in the freedom and general literary expansiveness of Ephraem,

<sup>\*</sup> In three volumes. Halle & Leipzig, 1841-1846.

contrasted with the narrow and mere doctrinal productions of the Greek and Latin hymn writers. The Greek and Latin hymns are mostly only adapted for ecclesiastical use, while a great number of Ephraem's pieces have an interest as extensive as human nature. This characteristic is doubtless attributable in part to his freedom from the fetters of religious conventionalism and theological polemic. It is true the controversies respecting heresies had distracted the church before his time, but they had not resulted in the hard stereotyping of the mind in the prescribed formulas which soon afterwards took the place of a free exposition of Scripture, and obstructed the development of religious life.

This remark suggests some examination of the relation of the early religious life and literature of Syria to the forms of Christianity which now prevail in that country. If our readers wish to pursue the sad comparison at greater length than our space will now permit, we refer them to the volume of Dr. Burgess and the Bardenes of Hahn for the former period; and, for the modern churches, to the other works placed at the head of this article. By these aids very different are the pictures we get of the working of Christianity in nearly the same places, but as eras separated by fifteen centuries. How comes it that in the one epoch there is life — ardent, impassioned, and practical; in the other, only a slight movement in the debilitated members, and a hectic flush upon the brow?

In ancient times, there were doubtless fixed ritual arrangements by which the Syriac churches were governed, but, whatever they were, they were not so cumbrous or stringent as to destroy the freedom and paralyze the action of the religious life. The ecclesiastical system then existing allowed a latitude in the conception of new methods of Christian operation and in carrying these into action. While moving within the orbit of a church system, Ephraem was not rigidly confined to any linear course in it, but could move right and left as his conscience might guide him, or as the profit of the people might seem to demand. The public service of that age seems to have admitted a variety of form; its boundary lines were sufficiently elastic to allow of novelties in the external accompaniments of worship. For example, on the occasion of a death, Ephraem was wont to compose a piece appropriate to each special instance, and which, as the case might demand, lamented the premature decay of the flower of infancy and youth, the mysterious removal of the head of a household, or the descent into the tomb of ripe old age, each instance suggesting fitting biblical topics and consolations. The great variety of this class of his writings shows us that every opportunity was

embraced of turning the sorrows of the bereaved to the best account — his Syriac pieces on death, as far as published, amounting to eighty-five. Great public events were in a similar way suggestive of materials for public worship. Several homilies exist, written in the times of pestilence, from which Syria suffered so much. And this freedom to adopt new modes of teaching was not confined to occasional services, it evidently pervaded the ordinary performance of divine worship. Putting all these signs and motives of vigorous life together, we are at no loss for a reason why, in the fourth century, the church at Edessa flourished.

But, as time rolled on, system and mechanical routine gradually took the place of spontaneous movement; age by age custom became stronger in its influence, and at length assumed the office of a supreme arbiter in the church. Some centuries after Ephraem his successors were satisfied with *his* thoughts, and ceased to put forth *their own*. Imperceptibly, yet surely, like the gathering frosts of winter, conventionalisms and church laws bound all free aspirations in their icy chains, until the Syrian churches became what they now are. The times changed, but men did not change their modes of action with them. The language of Ephraem ceased to be a living one, and yet continued to be the vehicle of the hymns and liturgies of the church. No active spirit appeared, to accommodate the utterances of divine truth to new and different circumstances; and even if genius had conceived the design, it was immediately repressed by the doctrine that what was new could not be sanctioned because it was irregular. When we read the works written by modern travellers who have visited these churches, we learn that they now pride themselves on their orthodoxy and zeal for ecclesiastical forms and traditions, or maintain the direct succession of their ministers from the apostles. A sorry substitute for the want of apostolic life and doctrine!

It seems that no restoration of earnest Christianity can be expected among these ancient Syriac churches, until the barrier of conventionalism is thrown down, and their religious teachers labor among them as Ephraem did at Edessa, *adapting their teachings and operations to existing wants and circumstances*. Various efforts have been made by the Episcopal churches of the West to vivify their brethren in the East, but it is plain that too much attention has been given to their antiquities, and too little to their practical religious wants. If it is true that a *superstitious attachment to that which is old*, has led to the low state of these communities, it must be desirable to correct rather than cherish that feeling, and to move stagnant thought by opening up new channels. In this way the

American missionaries among the Nestorians in Persia, referred to by Mr. Badger, have acted, and apparently with signal success. The Bible is translated into their modern tongue, modern religious books are distributed, schools established, and the gospel preached in the living language of the people. Mr. Badger's work, we may add, is deeply interesting throughout; but he is, in our opinion, much too hard on the American missionaries, and disposed too little to value their labors, because they are not Episcopalians. We presume the lively volume of Mr. Curzon has been seen by most of our readers. It contains valuable information concerning the Eastern forms of Christianity, and humorously, yet affectingly, describes the living death of the Syrian and other monasteries in these regions.

We conclude with an expression of hope that the field to which we have introduced our readers may soon be occupied by diligent laborers. Dr. Burgess, in particular, has devoted himself, apparently amid many difficulties, to a department of literature in which he has few companions. He is an enthusiastic Syriac scholar. His book is a real contribution to our knowledge of the Christian life and literature of the East in the fourth century; presented too in a manner well fitted even for popular reading. In these hymns and metrical homilies of the Edessan teacher—many of them fit utterances of the tenderest and liveliest emotions of a Christian—we see vividly how Christianity, after its three centuries of tremendous struggle, had conquered its way to the world's heart, and became the moving principle of their life to thousands in the regions of Syria. We are grieved to think, with Dr. Burgess, that there are some good people among us who look with suspicion, at least, on literary labors like his—fitted as these labors are to remove exclusiveness by an incursion among past and distant forms of religious thought and worship. Surely those who tremble at the resuscitation of an Ephraem or a Chrysostom, cannot be easy among the more daring foes of these irreverent days. In truth, every historic light struck out between the time we live in and the time of the humiliation of the Son of God, throws some part of its radiance on the great objects presented in the New Testament, and may help us to grasp these more firmly as historic facts.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

#### RUSSIA, ITS COURT AND CABINET.

ARE we really going to reverse 1812, to shake hands with Jaques Bonhomme, with whom we have been fighting since Crecy, if not since Hastings; and open altogether a

new enmity and rivalry with a foe at the other side of the world, a country with which, though we once fought in conjunction, we as yet know but little, and which knows us still less!

The most durable things in history are, after all, national enmities. Dynasties rise, fall, and succeed each other; liberty flourishes or fades; countries are now warlike, now commercial; their taste is at one time for turbulence, and at another for servility. There are pious ages and profane ages, as every literature attests. One thing alone seldom or never varies. And that is national enmity. When did the English begin to hate and to fight the French? Since ever there were English or French, and that is at least six centuries ago.

The old rule of the world seems to have been that we should hate our neighbors. And Christians as we call ourselves, we followed the rule. But now the progress of things has at least brought the one wholesome conviction, that it is inconvenient to hate our neighbors, or to war with them. Fifty or seventy years ago a war with France was generally pleasant to think of. People liked the idea. But who is there now that is not shocked at the idea of cannonading Boulogne, as Nelson did, or throwing shells into Havre, we paying all Europe to attack the French, whilst the emperor threatened all Europe with the rod if it took our merchandise or received our vessels?

The world shrinks from the idea of quarrelling with one's neighbors. But as enemies must exist, and national hate must have an object, we must seek them as far as possible. This necessity for having an enemy at all is unfortunate. But there is at least some gain in having one at a distance. We can harm each other less, and the opportunities for whetting mutual hate by contact must be less. If, however, the respective means of irritation and annoyance be lessened, the complete knowledge of each other, which best removes prejudices, and explains away causes of difference, becomes far more difficult. Let us remedy this, as far as we ourselves are concerned, by studying the Russians, and knowing what is their power, what are their peculiarities, and whether the causes, which have placed the two nations in antagonism, can be removed, or softened, or explained.

And, first of all, let us not blink the true and serious part of the case. People go about saying that the cause of quarrel does not concern us; that it touches Austria far more; and that France, who stirs up the quarrel by fostering the Latin Church in Jerusalem, ought to be the principal in the quarrel, and England but the accessory. Let us not fall into error, thus, at the very commencement, by supposing that the real cause

of quarrel is about who shall have the keys of the Holy Sepulchre, or whether the Hospodars of Bucharest or Jassy own the Czar or Sultan for Suzerain. The real object of dispute is at present the empire of the East, and the first place in the East. England and Russia alone aspire to that. England does so reluctantly, and unconsciously, perhaps. But still the power, whose flag floats at Peshawur and in Pegu, in the islands of Borneo and Canton — this is the power which the Russians look on as their rival, and with whom principally they seem to desire, at the present moment, to try a fall. England, in fact, pretends to dispute with Russia the empire of Asia, and the paramount influence in Europe. She has a double reason for rivalry. Austria has nothing whatever to do with the East or with Asia. France has little. Her quarrel with Russia, then, is of much smaller dimensions and narrower scope than ours.

The struggle that is now commencing, and of which the present century will not see the end, is, thus, for no less than the supremacy over two quarters of the globe. A great many are already appalled by the seriousness and risk of such a struggle, and the presenting them in naked truth is calculated to appal still more. But, enter upon it or not, it is best to know fully what we avoid, or what we enter upon. Our statesmen, indeed, who are most intimately acquainted with the resources of the country, and the machinery of the government, are more alarmed, and more reluctant to war, than any others. They will avoid it if they can. They may, but will their successors? Or will the nation, which is one of great spirit and great resources, and whose commonalty are just the soldiers to march boldly to an assault, even over the bodies of leaders who had refused to head them?

The Russians have, unfortunately, a dogma, which not only exists in the brains of their statesmen, but which forms part of the pride and fanaticism of their people. They believe they are destined to subdue the earth, and to impose upon it the verities of their religion. The Turks set out with that idea many centuries ago, and went a great way with it. The Czar is fortunately dragged after the belief, instead of leading it, as the Caliph did. But still the impulse is not less formidable from being a popular, instead of being a political, one.

The existence of this popular superstition, acted on and encouraged by the moment, is not the only point of similarity between the Russians and the Turks. Persons generally make the mistake of considering Russia as a country which has for centuries been immersed in tyranny and barbarism, and that, as England and France first acquired the

elements of freedom and civilization, Germany came next in that race, whilst Russia is, or will be, last to enter upon the same career. Now, the fact is, that, as far as political freedom and as commercial institutions and social gradations are concerned, the Slavon people of the East of Europe were as far advanced as the people of the West. They had independent princes, the population of each district tilled the soil in common, and were free. All were, in fact, what the Cossacks alone are now. It is no more than two hundred and fifty years ago since the peasants were made serfs. It is infinitely later since the Boyards, or nobles, were deprived of all power. And it is not very much more than a century ago since Peter the Great completed the existing despotism. The present despotic power or autocracy of the Czar is thus not an old institution, indigenous in the land, and natural to the population. It is rather an exception to all the rest of Slavonian history and nature. It more strongly resembles the semi-military, semi-religious despotism, to which Mahomet fashioned the tribes of Arabia, than any natural result of Russian or Slavon character and development. The political and social enslavement of the Russians only dates from 1600, and whilst, since that period, the rest of Europe was progressing to liberty, Russia was retrograding so far, that it was only a decree of Alexander that prevented the establishment of a Russian slave-trade by a decree, ordaining that no men, women, or children, should be sold, unless along with the land on which they lived.

It is one of the strongest arguments used by our Manchester party for not interfering with, or resisting the designs of, Russia, that the present despotism of that country is temporary and immaterial, and likely to give way to other systems of government, under which division of empire and relaxation of tyranny may take place. But, unfortunately for such arguments as these, the Russian empire is held together by that identity of race and creed which is fully capable of surviving even despotism, and which, making a Russian and Slavonian population on the Bosphorus sympathize with each other, could as fully act on Russian and Finnish populations on the Baltic.

Peter the Great may be considered as the true founder of the present Russian system. The enslavement of the peasantry had reached its completion before his time. But he reduced the aristocracy to an equal state of subservience with respect to the crown. The tendency of a Slavonian population is to be industrious, to till, to sow, and to reap, and to respect a local lord. To political considerations of a high kind a Slavon with difficulty raises his mind. The educated classes alone can

do this. An aristocracy of Boyards is not for extending empire, but for dominating their locality, which forms the natural state of the Slavons. Servia, Wallachia and Moldavia, are fair examples. But Peter the Great established institutions and laws which undermined the independence of the Boyards. He decreed that no *noblesse* should exist or descend, unaccompanied with serving the state in either a civil or a military capacity. The son of a peasant became noble by high place, and was entitled, indeed, to wear hereditary honors. But all titles of *noblesse* were abolished at the third generation for them who did not repeat and renew them by serving the Czar, and rising to high position at his court or under his government.

This was the principle of aristocracy in the Greek empire, so different from that in the old Latin republic, where aristocracy was formed by achievements, and kept by wealth and by birth; it is equally distinguished from the principle of feudal aristocracy which prevailed in Western Europe, where birth, founded on a first fortunate chance, became everything, securing wealth to the heir, and endeavoring also to train, by early education and ideas, the young noble in those habits of honor and courage which depend on pride and self-respect. The Russian aristocracy since Peter, like the Turkish, depends, on the contrary, not on birth, but on employ — on the faculty of pleasing superiors — commanding inferiors, and being an adroit and successful accomplices of political designs.

The attempt of Peter the Great to imitate the Greek empire, and make his magnates dependent on the will of the sovereign, will never succeed. The Greek emperor and the Turkish sultan carried on such a system no doubt, but it was by ruining landed property, or allowing it to be ruined, so that there was no secure succession in it, nothing that the fiscal power could not grasp. When high families are thus reduced to invest their chief wealth in movables or jewels, of course it becomes a thing for despotism to decapitate and despoil. But in Russia there is the land, and there are the serfs to cultivate it. The one is not ravaged and allowed to lie desolate and unproductive as in Turkey, nor are the serfs swept off the land by war, or by famine. The element of aristocracy therefore remains in Russia, and will finally triumph over all the efforts of despotism to crush it.

Peter the Great was looked upon as a great man. The Russians worship him as the founder of their empire. Certainly it was a feeble and a poor one before his reign, and it has been a growing and a powerful one since. Instead of being the prey of its neighbors, Russia has preyed upon them since his time. The truth unfortunately is that the best state in which a nation can be for conquest is

despotism. Rome and Athens may give the lie to this for ancient times; but for modern ones it holds irrefragably good. If France has rounded her territory and reached her full frontier, she owes it to Louis the Fourteenth, as she might have owed more to the despotism of Napoleon. What has become of Germany as a great empire? and of Poland for want of a compact and full submitting to a despotism? Russia has equally profited by a despotism that has given consistency, policy, fixedness of purpose, a standing army, and a permanent government, when all other and freer nations have wanted them.

With the exception, however, of his one great act, the establishment of complete despotism, Peter the Great has engaged his country in so many paths of contention and aggrandizement that the very multiplying of them endangers them all. Thus, instead of leaving Russia an Asiatic power, Peter made it a European one. He removed the seat of empire from Moscow to St. Petersburg, approximating the seat of government to German provinces and German institutions, that has since indeed caused Russia to become mistress of Poland, and to weigh with overwhelming force upon Germany, but which, in both instances, has placed Russia in a position of antagonism to central Europe. This must lead to a war — a war in which Russia cannot prevail over the development, the enlightenment, the courage, and the numbers of Western Europe, and in which it must succumb.

The same mania of Peter to Europeanize Russia led him to shave the beards of his Moudjiks, to create a fleet, to decree that there should be towns, though there was no middle class to fill them, and although the peasants and agriculturists had neither the wants nor the surplus which go to supply and feed a true middle class. Peter thought he could accomplish all these things by ukases. Instead of accomplishing them by his decrees, he rendered the accomplishment more difficult by his tyrannical institutions, which certainly have retarded the internal improvement and development of the country.

Argue with a Turk about his harem habits, and exclaim against the seraglio system, and he will not fail to adduce, on one side, the regular succession of sultanic descendants from Othman, claiming indisputable allegiance by birth, and seldom wanting in either spirit or intelligence. On the other side, he will point to you the mad and immoral princes that have held the Russian throne; Anne, with her favorite Biren, Peter the Third, and Catharine. Russia was reduced to obey a mere woman, a German, a Holstein-Gottorp, with all the defects of womankind exaggerated in her. If a Russian be listening to the argument, he will observe that as Catharine the Second procured for Russia the

possession of Lithuania and the Crimea, two of its most important conquests, there is no Russian that will not hail Catharine by the endearing name of *Mateuschka*, or mother.

The Emperor Paul, who was he? A madman in brain, a Finn in feature. There, to be sure, followed, born of a beautiful princess of Wurtemberg, two great princes, brothers, Alexander and Nicholas. But what will ensure to Russia a succession of princes possessed of their ascendancy, constancy, and prudence?

Catharine the second was the Louis the Fourteenth of Russia. She was for it its best prince, made her empire respected and elevated, notwithstanding her own voluptuousness, and created a court, in the splendor and power, the dissipation and the luxury, of which the Russian noble was caught and shorn of his independence.

It was in the mad brain of Paul, not mad on this occasion, that germed the idea that Russia might admit a partner in the great and final aim of dominating the world. The star of Napoleon, his victories, his superiority, compelled Russia to abandon the idea that she could ever lord it over Western Europe. But by abandoning Europe to the modern Charlemagne, or at least the half of Europe, Russia might more certainly succeed in the retention of her power eastward. This dream of Paul his son Alexander long withstood and disbelieved. German in his leanings, his reading, he could not permit Austria as well as Prussia to be trodden under foot by France. Even Austerlitz did not reconcile him to the thought — Friedland and Tilsit did.

The greatest escape that ever Europe had was at Tilsit. The powerful emperors who met on that memorable raft, personally pleased each other. Alexander was affectionate and romantic, open to personal predilection; Napoleon, like a true son of the South, incapable of any such feeling, was insincere. He only wanted to make use of Alexander, gain temporary power — for his armies had, for the first time, been roughly handled. He flattered Alexander by holding out to him the prospect that he would give up to him the empire of the East, or at least share it. Had Napoleon been sincere, the friendship and alliance of Alexander would have endured, and the world would finally have been divided between the two. What made the world escape a yoke at that time was the grain of insincerity which made part of Napoleon's character. The Corsican could not be a true and frank friend and ally. By that little grain of character Europe was saved, Napoleon lost, and France reduced to a state in which it can never again pretend or hope to share the world with Russia.

There could not be two characters more different than those of Alexander and Nicho-

las. The former received a most cultivated education, under the direction of his grandmother Catharine, and, of course, a German and foreign education. He was taught philosophy — a dangerous thing for an autocrat, who had so much reality to look to, and so little time to dream. Nicholas at the same time, being a third son, received no education at all. He was left as nature made him, that is, a Russian. Alexander's early dreams, his youthful friendship with Czartoriski, and the schemes which he loved to devise with that amiable and patriotic man for the liberties of Poland, and even of Russia, are well known. Although his autocratic system of government obliged and bound him to suspicion and tyranny, still he always had generous ideas and liberal leanings, whilst the Russians did not forgive what was good in him, and which made them look on him as a foreigner. The invasion of Russia by Napoleon was the most fortunate occurrence for Alexander. It piqued his pride, gave him confidence to resist, and forced him to become a hero. It reunited him to his people, who did not forgive his failure, with such excellent opportunities, to push the empire to the Danube. When we consider that Napoleon gave Wallachia and Moldavia to Russia at Tilsit, the marvel is, not that it grasped at the principalities now, but that it had withheld from devouring them so long.

Nicholas has none of the disadvantages of an over-refined education. He is a genuine descendant of Peter. He thinks liberty heresy, and despotism a part of the religion which his country is destined to establish. He affects Greek orthodoxy with almost fanaticism, whilst Alexander seemed to think Roman Catholicism and even Protestantism something quite as good. Unable to mount the throne without sweeping down whole regiments of the soldiers, who clamored for Constantine, with grape, he seemed to have gathered from that fated field a severity which marks all his acts. Never was a severer man, and even his kindness to his family is marked by considerable severity of manner. The only one of his family who can venture to be familiar with him, or to brave his choler in small things, is the grand duchess, wife of the heir to the throne. She alone can take liberties with Nicholas, or keep him waiting, and turn away his anger by cajolery.

The birth and fortune of this princess are well known. One of the princesses of Hesse-Darmstadt, she was, though avowedly the daughter of the duchess, not considered or treated as the daughter of the reigning duke. When the heir to the imperial throne of Russia, therefore, visited Darmstadt, and other German palaces, in search of a wife, she remained clothed in simple white, and apart, somewhat like a Cinderella, whilst her

sisters, in all the splendor of jewellery and brocade, were presented to the Russian prince. He asked who was the Cinderella in simple white; and being told, he proposed for her, and married her without a remonstrance from Nicholas.

The visit of the two brothers with the Duchess of Oldenburg will be well remembered in England, whither she came with the allied sovereigns in 1815. It is well known Russia was much annoyed at the prospect of the marriage between the Prince of Orange and the Princess Charlotte. No sooner did the Duchess of Oldenburg arrive in London than she set all her Russian knowledge of intrigue to work to break off the match. The task was not difficult, for the Prince of Orange showed all the *nonchalance* that was then the fashion in English high life, whilst the Princess Charlotte, naturally prone and easily inspired by her mother to thwart whatever appeared to be a plan of her father, was quite ready to fall into the hands of the designing. The Duchess of Oldenburg achieved her victory, at all events, and married the Prince of Orange, thus linking Holland to Russia, instead of to England. And Amsterdam has ever since been a most useful bank to the Czar, whilst the Czar, at the critical period of 1831, did nothing whatever for the House of Orange. Poland, to be sure, gave him something to look to at home.

Whilst engaged in sketching the portraits of the Russian court, let us not forget him who is at present the man most looked to, if not the most influential, in the Russian administration. Count Nesselrode, the veteran of the cabinet of St. Petersburg, is of German origin; his family is of Westphalia, and his present title is that of Count of the Holy Roman empire. He is said to have been born at sea, off Lisbon, on board an English vessel. His parents were then in the service of Russia. His family, and, we believe, the count himself, is still a Lutheran. He first entered the navy, and quitted it for the dragoons. His physiognomy struck the Emperor Paul as that of one more formed for diplomacy than arms, and he was sent as chief clerk to the Foreign Office, where the genuine Russians were found not sufficiently apt or alert. Nesselrode then married the Countess Gourief, daughter of the finance minister, a rich and profitable match, which facilitated his rise. Count Nesselrode, chiefly trusted by Alexander in his negotiation with the other powers of Europe, has been long considered the head of the German party, of which the principle is to advance the influence of Russia, and extend its territory westward without pursuing any active or conquering policy towards Turkey. He is thus reproached for having concluded the treaty of the 15th of July, which was considered an abandonment of Russia's

hereditary policy towards Turkey. From Nesselrode still proceeds that language of plausibility, which represents Russia as utterly and honorably disinterested in its dealings with Turkey, and disdaining either to crush her, or despoil her of territories. It is not unamusing to observe the truly aggressive and even insolent nature and ideas of Nicholas clothed in the soft and plausible language of Nesselrode, which excuses and conceals and almost contradicts them.

The minister supposed to be the most opposed to Count Nesselrode is Prince Menschikoff, minister of marine and admiral. He has always had the character of being sarcastic and insolent, and though descended from the noblesse of a German province, he has nevertheless identified himself with the old Russian party. It was a Prince Menschikoff who presented the Czar Peter with Catharine, at the time one of his serfs. Menschikoff was at the time governor of Courland. The present prince is said not to be a personal favorite with Nicholas, who dislikes his freedom of tongue. But Menschikoff has always paid assiduous court to Tschernicheff and Orloff, who have been the personal favorites, as well as ministers, of Nicholas. Both these men proved their attachment to the emperor on the trying day of the military insurrection of St. Petersburg. Orloff was made police minister. Tschernicheff is war minister. He served in the campaigns of 1811 and 1812, and maintains the respect of the army, to which he represents the imperial will and predilections. The great blot on the character of Tschernicheff is the inveteracy with which he followed up the trial and execution of Count Tchernicheff, the head of his family, implicated in the great conspiracy. Tschernicheff was to have the confiscated property of the head of his house. He was asked in the council of state by what law this transfer of property took place. By the law, observed a councillor present, by which the clothes of a man hanged fall by right to the executioner.

The only troublesome man in Russia, that assumed the attitude, or professed the opinions, analogous to those of Kollowrat and Stadion in Austria, was Kisseleff. These Austrian statesmen found fault with the government of Metternich, as retrograde, or at least as stationary and illiberal. Count Kisseleff avowed the same opinion of the administration at St. Petersburg. He was minister of the public domains, and in this office he attempted to follow out some of the liberal aims and designs of Alexander. He was for extending to all Russia those edicts for the emancipation of the serfs, that Alexander issued with respect to the Baltic and semi-German provinces. The result of Count Kisseleff professing such opinions was his quitting the cabinet, to occupy the post of

Russian minister in Paris, a climate more suited to his principles.

The opinions of Nesselrode and of the Russian statesmen of his party with respect to the affair of Constantinople and the East are sufficiently manifest in the state papers which have been issued from his pen. They repose on the belief that the provinces of at least Turkey or Europe, as well as the littoral of the Black Sea, must fall into the hands of Russia without an effort on her part, and by the mere natural decadence of the Ottoman. All required, then, is to prevent other powers interfering. So strongly impressed was Nesselrode with the necessity of being passive in the affairs of the East, that when Vicovich, that famous agent, who labored so zealously to excite aversion for the English in all the countries between the Caspian and the Indus, returned and had his first interview with Nesselrode, his reception was such that Vicovich went home, and hanged himself immediately.

Nesselrode's principles, which once fully harmonized with those of Nicholas, were, that the greatest dangers which menaced Russia were likely to proceed from the spirit of revolution, and of revolutionized countries. Such was the political task which Nesselrode proposed to himself as a Russian statesman. In 1823 and 1829, Nicholas, secure of France, flung off for the first time Nesselrode's policy, and plunged into a war with Turkey, in which the emperor showed a lack of military ability, and from which he extricated himself successfully, more by a happy chance than by decided superiority in arms. The events of 1830 followed, and Nesselrode recovered his sway. The first event which subsequently shook Nesselrode's ascendancy and the high opinion of his wisdom, was the successful insurrection in Hungary. He was against intervening, and it appears that even the old Russian party was against intervening. They preferred seeing Hungary assert its independence of Austria, deeming that it could not for all that ever be successful or establish a democratic government—that the aristocracy would recover their sway, and Russia be as influential as Austria in Hungary. The Emperor Nicholas would not listen to these Machiavelic ideas. The first duty he acknowledged was to suppress revolution, and to formally demand that his troops should enter Hungary. For this very reason, as it was a decision of his personal will, the emperor removed to Warsaw, and watched with keen anxiety the progress of the war. He used to receive personally, and question closely, the weekly couriers that were sent by his generals, and when he found that they could not answer his questions with any intelligence or pertinence, he ordered that officers and aides-de-camp should be employed

as couriers, that he might question them, and see that their accounts tallied with his general's despatches.

The success of the Hungarian campaign and its great results have rendered the Czar more predominant in the councils of Austria, and, of course, of Europe, had the effect of making Nicholas far more absolute and far more confident in his own judgment than in any of his ministers, and more reliant upon quick judgment than upon old experience. Count Pahlen once remonstrating with Nicholas because he would employ him in civil administration, he who had always been a military man, and knew no other science, "Never mind," said the Czar, "I never studied politics till I became emperor, and you see I manage very well."

The personal management of political relations by the emperor leads to this result, that the most serious consequences are often found to arise from an expression, or a jest, or a man, to whom or to which the emperor may take a personal dislike. Nicholas, for example, entertained a great aversion to Radowitz, the favorite of the King of Prussia. When Russia interfered to thwart the scheme of Prussia to erect a German confederation, independent of Austria, Radowitz, who was foreign minister at Berlin, made use in one of his despatches to Warsaw of the expression of *wir werden nicht dulden*, "We will not suffer interference of this kind." The Emperor Nicholas no sooner read this phrase than he burst into a fit of cholera, declaring the expression an insult, and stormed in a manner so contrary to his usual habits, that it was represented to the King of Prussia that he must either sacrifice Radowitz or lose the friendship and forbearance of Nicholas. Radowitz was dismissed. The Russians point him out, and repeat, *nicht dulden*.

Nicholas had a similar prejudice to Lord Stratford, who, for his name more than for any other reason, he refused to receive as the British ambassador at St. Petersburg. That he had no objection to a man for being either liberal or ill-tempered, there is sufficient proof in his cordial reception of Lord Durham, who used to swear by the disinterested political character of Nicholas. Another personage who was an object of extreme personal dislike to Nicholas—a dislike that very much influenced the policy of Russia on many occasions—was Louis Philippe. It is believed that, on his accession, Louis Philippe sent the Duke of Montemart to St. Petersburg, with the assurance that he only accepted the throne to keep it for the legitimate heir. The utter falsity of such a promise, so gratuitously made at the time, rose always up to preclude any amicable relationship between Russia and the chief of the house of Orleans, as long as he was on the throne.

There is at the present moment especially no part of the character and sentiments of the Emperor Nicholas more interesting to examine and to solve, were that possible, than his feelings towards the Bonaparte family. Alexander's tenderness for Bonaparte was great, and he ever entertained a kind of remorse for the part which he played in the dethronement of the family in 1814 and 1815. His visits to Josephine, at Malmaison, were remarkable, and the act of Nicholas in giving his daughter to the son of Eugene Beauharnais was certainly very unaccountable; this prince, however, is now no more. And Nicholas, although he observed the tone of cold civility towards Napoleon the Third, is still, it is now generally believed, favorable to the hopes of the Orleans family. All the organs of the family at least are Russian, whilst the Bonapartist prints are both anti-Russian and anti-Austrian.

There is an opinion prevalent at present, and made considerable use of, which would insinuate that there is a secret accord between France and Russia, and that the chief of the former country is not to be depended on in case of an open rupture. We cannot but think the report as false as it is foul. The French prince and people, with the exception of the Orleanists, are sincere in the defence of the Porte; but as, on the other hand, there is every reason to suspect that Russia and Austria understand each other, and that in revenge for the joint rebuffs and enmity that the Porte showed them in the protection of Kossuth, they have determined each to have a slice of Turkey. If that be really the case, it is to be feared that the defence or independence of Turkey or Greece becomes improbable, for England and France have neither troops, loans, nor armaments, to despatch the force that would be required for the defence of even Roumelia.

The design of Nicholas is sufficiently manifest to all acquainted with his previous provisions. That design is to place the crown of Turkey upon the head of his second son, the Grand Duke Constantine Nikolévitch. He is considered to be the most clever and petulant of the family, and to have received an education adapted to the very end of his ruling over Greeks, and wearing an oriental crown. Nicholas himself, indeed, affects to inherit the kingdom of the Eastern empire. He wears the Grecian helmet on great days, instead of the European general's hat and feathers. Many of our readers must have seen his fat person at the review of the Guards in Windsor Great Park, belted up, and but ill covered with a scanty green jacket, whilst his large head was crowned with an enormous brazen helmet. Thus accoutred, and riding between the Duke of Wellington and Prince Albert, both men of a middle size,

Nicholas looked like a giant in a fable, and accoutred much as the author of Tom Thumb would accoutre him. It was thus that he came chivalrously to lay his sword at the queen's feet, and his army at her disposal, in case of an attack from France. The offer was well meant and nobly inspired, although it was difficult to reply to it without a smile.

The origin of the present movement of diplomatists and armies is, in many people's opinion, occasioned merely by the fact that the Grand Duke Constantine is of an age to be provided for, and that, moreover, he and the Cesarevitch do not very cordially agree. If Constantine is ever to get the throne of the East, with Constantinople for his residence, of course he must owe it to Russian armies. Any ill-will on the part of Nicholas' successor would completely mar such a scheme. And the Emperor Nicholas is therefore obliged to set about it, and accomplish it in his lifetime. There is a story of young Constantine, who is in the Russian navy, and in command of a ship, having one day caught his elder brother on board of the ship, and put him under arrest there, saying that on board at least he was superior.

Why should not a younger branch of the Roumanoffs reign at Constantinople, as well as a younger branch of the Bourbons reign at Madrid? Why not the Balkan be as effectual a barrier as the Pyrenees to divide three kingdoms? All Europe leagued to punish and prevent Louis the Fourteenth establishing his grandson on the throne of Spain, although that prince was asked for, and defended by the Spanish people and *noblesse*. Long war ensued, war in which Louis the Fourteenth was not always successful, but still his grandson kept possession of the Spanish throne. Why may not Constantine equally succeed? Such are the historical and domestic calculations of the Court of St. Petersburg.

As it is good to hear what the Russians say, as well as what they are, we will mention another of their modes of argument, put forth lately in print. In what, ask they, are our demands and advance upon Turkey different from those of England upon Burmah? The cause, or the pretext, of the English having invaded that country, is so small and insignificant, that it is difficult even to state. It was some insult offered to some British vessel at Rangoon, nothing equal to the oppression put upon the Russian and Greek religionists at Jerusalem. If we, Russians, have marched into Moldavia and Wallachia, the English have occupied Pegu, which they insist on keeping, whilst Russia, as yet, has offered to evacuate Moldavia and Wallachia, if her just demands were acceded to. It is said the Peguites cannot be abandoned. Why should the partisans of Russia in the principalities either be forsaken? If the King of Ava will

not consent to lose Pegu, the English threaten to march on Ava. Is the Russian threat to march upon Constantinople more arrogant or spoliatory?

The Russians altogether leave out of the argument the fact that English possession of either Pegu or Ava will not augment her strength — much the contrary — or render her more formidable to her neighbors, whereas Russian possession of Constantinople, either *per se* or by the sovereignty of a Roumanoff prince, closes the Black Sea against the world, augments one hundredfold the existing strength of Russia, giving her formidable means for further extension.

It is to be feared that, with the numerous advantages that Russia possesses, it will be impossible to withstand her. As to the Turks, they fight with one hand tied, that is, with only one half the population to recruit from; whilst Russia's aim is to gain rich provinces in which to plant soldiers. The political as well as military quarrel between Russia and Turkey is, that the provinces they are contending for are the richest for thousands of miles around, clustering on both sides of the fertile Danube, whilst, as the country recedes from that river north or south, the amount of population and fertility largely decreases. When Turkey held these provinces, she used them as a garden, an estate, as a provision field. They were bound to keep the fortress provisioned, and to amass their stores, which were distributed in every fort of the Balkan. The principalities were thus for centuries the military magazine of the Turks. No wonder that the Russians seek to get hold of them.

The Russian army is the most dangerous army that can be encountered of a winter's day. Cold converts soldiers into mere automata and machines, to give fire and to stand fire. On such occasions the Russians are superior to any. But in summer climes and weather, where the soldier is free of his limbs and actions, where so much depends upon light troops, or even upon heavy troops moving and attacking, destroying what they disperse, or rallying themselves after they have dispersed; in all these manoeuvres a Frenchman is far superior to a Russian. Yet Napoleon brought his Frenchmen to combat Russians in times and climes where the Russians were necessarily superior, and had thus thrown away his natural advantages.

The Russians never fight so ill as they do in Turkey or in the south. The Turks had in general the best of it in the last campaign. If there were enough of Turks, and sufficient provision for them, they would soon be better soldiers than the Russians. The Turks have greater incentives than the French had in 1792. Each soldier is sure of becoming an officer, and of rising, if he displays courage, skill, and command; the Russian soldier

knows that he never can be but what he is, a serf in uniform. The Russian, though ready to sacrifice his life with a kind of passive courage, has not that active impulse which makes a first-rate soldier. The Emperor Nicholas is admitted to have amazingly improved all the collateral services of the army, the commissariat, the equipment; but his increased severity has not improved the Russian soldier, who never showed more backwardness than in the Hungarian campaign. Indeed, the general opinion is that whenever Russian troops shall again meet German troops in conflict, the superior spirit of the latter will be manifest. But the Turks have an undisciplined and raw infantry, soldiers young, and officers untaught, an army in fact that should go through the schooling and the life of a campaign in order to become an efficient one. The one hundred, or the one hundred and fifty thousand soldiers in the pay of the Sultan do not form an army sufficiently numerous to go through such an ordeal.

If the Russians do not fight well in southern climes, neither do they fight well in mountains, which disturb their ranks and their habitudes. It was thought that the Russian soldier, being accustomed to a cold climate, would prove invincible, especially under Suwarof, amongst the snows and glaciers of Switzerland. But Massene and his little agile Frenchmen beat Suwarof and his grenadiers at Zurich, because the Russians were unaccustomed to mountain warfare. Tyrolese regiments would have been better. Whether this is sufficient to explain the prolonged resistance of the Circassians I know not, for this resistance remains still an enigma, which no one even tries to explain. We have heard that the Tartars and other Mahometan tribes, in this part of Russia, now of course forming the greater part of the force employed against the Circassians, are reluctant to achieve a victory over them, and that the mountaineers are thus not only able to resist the Russians, but are able to gain frequent victories over the want of zeal of Mahometans in the service of Russia.

There is one school of tacticians in Russia, who recommend to the emperor to abandon or defer the idea of a military advance over the Danube and the Balkan to the conquest of the Ottoman Empire. They say that European powers will interfere to defeat such an advance, and that even if they are too late, the maritime powers can always render Constantinople an insecure position. For even if fleets be prevented from penetrating the Dardanelles, troops can be landed at a spot westward of the Chersonese, and the new capital menaced or molested. They recommend as preferable the invasion of Asia Minor, partly through the isthmus and by Erivan, partly from the Crimea direct to the opposite shore.

No European power, they allege, could here intervene or intercept. The scattered tribes and scant population of Asia Minor would make small resistance. The country does not contain a single fortress, and the Turkish metropolis thus cut off from all aid in men or in means from the provinces in Asia, would expire of helplessness and inanition, without the trouble or risk of a combat.

Asia Minor, however, would not confer a capital and a crown on the Grand Duke Constantine; whilst a long and desultory war with the different tribes, amidst their mountains and fastnesses, would prove a Circassia multiplied by a figure something like a thousand. To render the communication sure between the Crimea and the opposite coast, between Sebastopol and Trebizond, it would be necessary to close the Bosphorus and Dardanelles, and that could only be done by taking possession of Constantinople. As to the land communication between Turkey and eastern Asia by the Caucasus and Armenia, nature has placed two great barriers between Europe and Asia by this route. There is the barrier of lofty mountains, peopled by warlike tribes, and there is the barrier of the steppes, peopled by Nomade and Tartar tribes, quite as little to be depended on. Russia is striving her utmost at this moment to form a series of fixed abodes, agricultural population, and civilized habits, thereby to bridge over the steppes for the purpose of war and trade. Her progress, however, in this task is slow, and the result uncertain. All here is loose, and floating over the whole breadth of the Asiatic continent, and, as Kohl tells us, "a calf born at the foot of the great Chinese wall might eat his way along till he arrived a well-fattened ox on the banks of the Dniester."

Having thus explained and expatiated on Russia as a power, upon its imperial family, its court, its cabinet, as also upon its popular tendencies and military renown, let us say something upon the different lights in which leading politicians in England regard Russia, her ambitious projects, and those important territories which are the objects of her ambition.

The British ministry is known to contain all kinds and diversities of opinion on this subject; so that the great diversity of views which exist have led to more discussion within the cabinet than without. In fact, silence has been imposed upon Parliament, chiefly because it was known that ministers were not agreed, and that debates could not take place in both houses without leading to great discrepancies in ministerial speeches—discrepancies that must necessarily produce a dissolution of the ministry.

The premier, Lord Aberdeen, is known to entertain the idea, that Louis Philippe and M. Guizot entertained, that Turkey is a body

in a state of dissolution to which no more than galvanic life could be given. To enter upon a war to prevent such a natural course of things as the annihilation of Turkey by Russia, would, in Lord Aberdeen's opinion, be madness; madness, first of all, because our interference would not prevent the catastrophe, and, secondly, because our doing so would avert Russia from aiding any further in the preserving the independence of Belgium from France. We should then, in all probability, see Russia in possession of Constantinople, and France in possession of Antwerp, without its being possible to attempt the recovery of either by arms. If, then, a choice is to be made, Lord Aberdeen would prefer the independence of Antwerp, not despairing at the same time of coming to some accord with Russia as to the existence of Constantinople as a free city, or the capital of an independent state.

In opposition to Lord Aberdeen in the cabinet is known to stand Lord Palmerston, who thinks that when wrong is perpetrated and danger threatens, it is better to face it, and not be deterred by fear of contingencies. *Fais ce que tu dois, adieu qui pourra*, is his lordship's motto. If Russia be strenuously resisted and compelled to retire behind the Pruth, the German powers will take courage to assert their independence, and their concert is quite sufficient to assure the *status quo* in the west of Europe. By shirking war now, or even the approach to it, it would not be avoided, but rather rendered certain at no distant time. All the other well-known arguments follow for preventing the Russians from ever becoming masters of the keys, either of the Black Sea or the Baltic. The Sound and the Bosphorus must both be kept open.

In the first division of the cabinet on these matters, Lord Clarendon, though a whig, with Lord Granville and Lord Lansdowne, are said to have coincided with the opinion of Lord Aberdeen, whilst several of those who entered the cabinet with Lord Aberdeen, such as Mr. Gladstone and the Duke of Newcastle, seemed to think the policy of their chief pusillanimous. As Lord John Russell rallied to Lord Palmerston, the spirited portion of the cabinet is said to have carried the first resolution for supporting Turkey, and advising her to resist. In subsequent divisions, such as that as to whether the fleet should enter the Dardanelles on learning the passage of the Pruth, on this it is considered that the Aberdeen opinion prevailed. And if this recommendation to forbear was based on what is generally credited, viz., that Austria promised, in case of English and French forbearance, to bring the difference to a termination, then, perhaps, the public will be contented with it and applaud it.

Whilst on this point of the question a very remarkable fact is to be noticed, which is, that the tory party have universally taken the side of national spirit, and have recommended resistance to Russia. Lord Derby spoke strongly, the veteran Lord Lyndhurst even more strongly, and all the organs of the party have thundered against Nicholas, as the writers of the same party might have done against Napoleon forty years ago. We make no comment whatever upon this circumstance, but merely note it as a remarkable fact. In case of the question of peace or war with Russia being formally brought before Parliament, it would seem that the Derby tories and the Palmerston whigs would divide against the Aberdeen tories and the Manchester radicals; as strange a division of parties and opinions as ever could have been expected of a British Parliament in the year 1853.

However singular and indicative of a great change in opinion and in the relative positions and tendencies of parties in England, there is another symptom shown by the armed force and by the government of another country, which marks a still greater change. A ship of war, belonging to the United States, is said to have entered the Dardanelles, and obtained permission to accompany the Turkish fleet into the Black Sea. Another captain of the same nation has claimed a noted follower of Kossouth as an American citizen. This man had been seized by the Austrian police at Smyrna. The American threatened to fire into the Austrian, if he attempted to carry the prisoner away. The fact is, our brethren of the United States are English, in despite of themselves, and adopt the English feeling in the affairs of Turkey, with their usual warmth and exaggeration. All we can say is, that it is nobly felt and nobly done of them, and shows that when the Americans do again interfere in the affairs of Europe, which they are evidently most anxious to do, they will decidedly be for the right side, that is, for the side of liberty and humanity.

But to return to Russia. Her great, her only claim to advance and to invade is, that she does so in the cause and for the furtherance of civilization. The cross is on her banner, and the subjects of the empire she attacks welcome it not as converts, but as ancient and long-oppressed votaries. But such pretexts are not true. The Christian provinces into which the Russians now march are already independent. They have their native princes, councils, armies, taxes, professions. Servia has, in her present organization, a great many of the elements of civilization, which its occupation by either Russia or Austria would stifle. Both these powers, instead of progressing in civilization of late years, have, on the contrary, retrograded.

And they have really no one benefit to confer. The Bulgarians, though they pay tribute to the Porte, are not serfs. The ills they complain of under the *régime* of Turkey might be easily remedied. But decidedly worse, because irrevocable, ills would follow their subjugation to Russia.

A Russian of the lowest peasant-class is, in many respects, a slave. If he gets permission to quit his country abode for a town, his time and his gains still belong to his master. There is thus a strong line of demarcation drawn between the peasant and the townsman. Whilst the townsmen amongst themselves are equally fettered by the existence of guilds and restrictive laws, a serf or peasant cannot be a priest, cannot receive education, cannot rise in life. Every impediment, in short, to that greatest of all impulses, viz., the facility for one of the lower classes to push amongst the higher, is forbidden in Russia. Every man, not merely politically, but socially and industrially, has a strait-waistcoat on. To force such a system upon the Serbs or the Roumans, would be not emancipating, but degrading them.

The strongest case, however, is that of the clergy. It is in the name and in the behalf of the Patriarch and the Greek clergy that Russia has advanced her present pretensions. The effect of an invasion or conquest of Turkey by Russia would be to assimilate the Greek clergy to the Russian. Now, at present, the Greek clergy is free; it is governed by a synod, which elects a Patriarch, and with the Patriarch appoints the clergy, and Christian church property is reserved to the church by the Sultan's decrees.

The church and churchmen are in a very different position in Russia. The arbitrary act of Peter confiscated the greater part of the church property to the state, and subjected the synod to a civil officer, called a general procurator, named by the emperor. The Russian Patriarch is nothing. The Czar is the real head of the national church, and her present procurator, General Protassoff, rules the synod as much in ecclesiastical dogmas as in appointments and fiscal matters. When the emperor and Protassoff insisted on promoting Saint Stanislaus to be a saint of the Greek Church, the Greek upper clergy remonstrated, and declared that they knew not the saint. Protassoff replied, that Stanislaus was a Polish saint, highly esteemed in Poland, and that as Poland and Russia were to be united, the first Polish saint should be received as a Greek one. The Patriarch replied that this might be good policy, but it was neither orthodoxy nor sound tradition. And Stanislaus was, we fear, a Roman Catholic saint, which rendered him odious in the eyes of the Greeks. Protassoff, however, carried his saint.

Another point of imperial policy towards the Russian church has been to restrict the education of the clergy. The clergy of the Greek church, when young, after first undergoing a primary education, separate, some to enter the universities of the higher and monastic clergy, some to follow the lower schools, where they fit themselves to become popes or curates. The latter may marry, and their education has been always limited. But the higher and monastic clergy had ever a high range of education, and some of the monasteries were seats of learning. The jealousy of the Czars, pursuing the narrow policy of Peter, has stopped all this. Any high or troublesome amount of learning is denied them. What then, it may be asked, have the Greek clergy of Turkey to gain by being assimilated to that of Russia, and placed under the same yoke? The monks of Mount Athos are ignorant, because they are poor, but no law and no tyrant prevent them making use of their libraries if they please to do so. The Greek church has the elements of much that is politically valuable. It would work admirably with free and constitutional government. But if the Greek church should be passed through the iron rollers of the Russian state machine, it loses every quality of an independent, enlightened, and civilizing church.

These reasons, and a great many more, relative to the different classes of a population, would make it a matter of great regret if the Greeks of Turkey were not allowed to emancipate themselves, and to form an independent state, and church and empire, apart from Russia. The yoke of Turkey is now so light and so easily humanized, if not broken, that there is really no need of two hundred thousand fiery Russians to effect it. Diplomacy may ordain all the reforms and all the emancipation desirable. Let us hope that it will undertake the task courageously, and that the Russians, who have yet much to do to civilize their own empire, as indeed Count Nesselrode admits, will confine themselves therein, and leave the Greeks and Slavons, of more southern regions, to pursue a more free and more liberal course, without being on that account less good Christians or less orderly and industrious men.

In addition to danger from crimes of violence, and the risk of sickness (which, according to Mr. Read, is greater than is generally supposed), there was a singular danger at some spots, in an adhesive soil.

I have previously mentioned the careless manner in which people go to work for obtaining gold, and from want of proper precaution frequently get smothered; hoping it may guard

people who are novices from proceeding in the like manner, I mention this most heart-rending case to show that although they may imagine the ground around them comparatively speaking safe, yet, should their feet once really stick fast, all mechanical skill (except perhaps steam, which is not likely to be handy when such an occurrence takes place) will not save them from an almost certain slow and untimely end.

Four brothers were digging in Peg Leg Gully, endeavoring to bottom a hole again that had been filled up during the floods; the stuff that had to be thrown out was soft sticky clay. After getting nearly down, they had not taken due precaution to shore the sides up properly, not thinking of the immense weight of stuff that was in all the surrounding filled-up claims and the small original wall that there was to support this weight. One of the banks slightly giving way, they endeavored to keep it up (when too late) with shores, branches of trees, &c. While in the act of doing this, the younger brother, who was down in the pit, stuck fast; not thinking much of so sticking for a moment, I believe he continued working; however, finding he could not extricate himself, his brothers immediately rendered their assistance; this was of no avail, and immediately they called for help. In less than a minute many arrived, with ropes, buckets, bailers, shovels, scoops, &c., and set to work endeavoring to clear away the stuff; and some sailors dropping down got him slung, when every one that could get hold tried to pull him out, he at the same time having his arms round his elder brother's neck, who had got his again underneath his brother's arms and clasped round his back, the elder one having a good hold with his feet. But it was of no avail; the stuff slowly filled in upon him, and as it rose the poor brother was compelled to let him go to save his own life, and the unfortunate lad was smothered. There was one thing that might probably have saved him, if any one had thought of it at the moment; the boots that he had on were a pair of bluchers, and long before the stuff had even reached his knees he could have pushed his hand down and cut the strings, when his boots would have stuck, but his feet would most likely have come away, and the poor fellow's life been saved. As soon as the news of the accident reached my ears, I repaired to the spot, but found it was too late to be of any assistance; and, had I been there, the chances are, the thought about cutting the boot-laces might not have struck me at the moment. — *Read's Australia.*

HOGARTH'S PICTURE. — One of the correspondents of "N. & Q." inquires where he could see some pictures from this great artist. May I ask if he is aware of the three very fine large paintings in the Church of St. Mary, Redcliffe, Bristol, which I am told will shortly be sold?

BRISTOLIENSIS.

P. S. — They were painted for the church, and the vestry holds its autograph receipt for the payment of them.

From the Athenæum.

*The British Cabinet in 1853.* Nelson. [Reprinted by Lippincott, Grambo & Co. Philadelphia.]

THE object of this volume is, to give an account of the characters and careers of "Her Majesty's Ministers." A very interesting book might be written on such a subject; but the execution of this one falls below the expectations raised by its title. It is a mere compilation, neither exhibiting wide research nor dealing in graphic writing.

While turning over its hastily-penned pages, we have been struck with the fact that the sayings and doings of many of the cabinet have been repeatedly recorded, and sometimes criticized, even in that calm world of "science, literature and art" in which it is our privilege and happiness to toil. The titles and names of Aberdeen, Lansdowne, Russell, Gladstone, Molesworth, Clarendon, Granville and Argyll, have been familiarized to us, though remote from the political world; and without transgressing our unalterable conventions, we can give from our own resources some illustrations of a cabinet whose members have many claims to the respect of cultivators of "science, literature and art:"—a "triple alliance" which is working wonders under our new and advancing civilization.

The author of this volume might have prefixed to it a dissertation on the nature of "the cabinet" in our constitution. Its history is one of the most curious chapters in English government. Originally the word "cabinet" was applied only to the room in which the ministers of any state assembled; and by an easy transition in popular parlance it came to be applied to the ministry. In the latter signification it has been stated by some writers that both the word and the thing—cabinet and council of state—occur earlier in Italian and in French than in English history. The readers of Clarendon will recollect the passage in which the historian refers to Charles the First and his secret "cabinet," Strafford, Laud, and Lord Cottington. In ancient times the privy council transacted the functions now belonging to the cabinet—and Lord Bacon remarked that the members of the privy council were too numerous for despatch and secrecy. Mr. Hallam, in dissenting on the history of the cabinet, has confessed, in his "Constitutional History," that he had not the means of tracing the matter clearly; and nothing so strongly shows how entirely conventional and technically indefinite is the "cabinet," than the celebrated debate in 1806, on Lord Ellenborough being admitted a Cabinet Minister while he was also a Chief Justice. In his essay on Sir William Temple, Mr. Macaulay

has an interesting passage on the philosophy of "cabinet making;" and in his "History of England" he writes, while describing the growth of the English Cabinet as a political institution—

It at length drew to itself the chief executive power—yet strange to say it still continues to be altogether unknown to the law. The names of the noblemen and gentlemen who compose it are never officially announced. No record is kept of its meetings and resolutions; nor has its existence ever been recognized by any act of parliament.

Bentham was strongly opposed to "Boards,"—which he wittily called *screens*; but though an individual minister may thus often escape condign censure, yet in the responsibility that attaches to all the cabinet the public have the best guarantee for vigilance that experience has devised. Into this curious question we could go further:—but we must, in preference, proceed to our illustrations of the present cabinet—beginning with the First Lord of the Treasury.

Lord Aberdeen is in many respects well qualified for an English Prime Minister. Born in 1784 (in the same year with Lord Palmerston), he succeeded early in life to the Scottish earldom of Aberdeen. His family is a branch of the Gordons, but Sir Egerton Brydges is rather doubtful how to trace it. We have, however, authentic proofs in Scottish history that the Gordons of Haddo have been eminent for three centuries. The church of "Haddo's Hold" in Edinburgh is to this day called after one of the premier's ancestors, imprisoned there (*temp.* 1644). One of his successors was Lord Chancellor of Scotland (1685), and was created Earl of Aberdeen and Lord Haddo. The present Prime Minister is the fourth Earl of Aberdeen. He was sent to Harrow School at an early period; and from thence he was removed to St. John's College, Cambridge, where he graduated M. A. in 1804. Forty-nine years is a long time to look back, but we shall see that the noble lord has slowly and surely since then ascended the ladder of ambition. Of the early expectations formed of his abilities there is the convincing proof that he was elected successively in 1806, in 1807, and in 1812, amongst the representative peers of Scotland. On the last occasion he was highest on the list of votes,—and in 1811 he moved the address in the House of Peers.

To a nobleman of talent it is often a disadvantage to commence life in the House of Peers. It is but rarely that the debates there are conducted before an audience large enough to justify those flights of eloquence which, successful in a crowded assembly, seem almost ridiculous before a couple of score of languid listeners. It might have been a

perception of this fact, felt by many young peers, that induced Lord Aberdeen to turn his attention to diplomatic life. After leaving college he had made an extensive tour, and then acquired attainments which of themselves would have given to his name eminence as a *virtuoso*. His Essay on Architecture drew down on him the characteristic couplet from Lord Byron—

First in the oat-fed phalanx shall be seen  
The travelled Thane, Athenian Aberdeen.

Without any previous training under the foreign office, Lord Aberdeen was sent as ambassador to Vienna, with the purpose of endeavoring to detach the Emperor Francis from alliance with Napoleon. Of the great ability with which he performed his duty there are many proofs in the ninth volume of the Castlereagh Despatches. He was not long in obtaining the confidence of the Austrian Cabinet; and while he was cautious in his conclusions about men and things, his despatches show a sanguine expectation that the Napoleon system would fall. He signed the treaty of Paris in 1814 as one of the plenipotentiaries. For his eminent services in his difficult mission, he was made Viscount Gordon in the English peerage.

Many persons have been often surprised at the long interval between 1815 and 1828 having elapsed before Lord Aberdeen was again placed in high office. The circumstance can easily be explained. His aptitude was for foreign affairs; and it could not be supposed that while Castlereagh and Canning lived the Liverpool cabinet would raise the Earl of Aberdeen to the station to which he was soon appointed on the formation of the Wellington ministry. After his embassy to Vienna, and his services there, the noble lord did not care for any "subordinate" department. With highly cultivated mind, and with many intellectual resources, he enjoyed the lettered life of a scholar. About thirty years ago he purchased Argyll House from the ducal family of that title:—a spot associated in fancy with the pathetic interview in "The Heart of Mid-Lothian" between Jeanie Deans and the Duke of Argyll. In 1812 he was elected president of the Society of British Antiquaries—an office which he resigned in 1846:—he is still one of the Directors of the British Institution.

From the time when, in 1828, Lord Aberdeen went to the foreign office, he has been accepted as the expositor of British conservative views on the peace of Europe. Without offering any opinion on the propriety of the policy identified with his name, it may be fairly characterized as deferring to prescription rather than to progress. The essential forte of the Earl of Aberdeen is his complete knowledge of the personnel of the courts of

Europe, and his acquaintance with the tone of thought prevailing in their cabinets. His temper is undisturbed by partisanship. He is not a system-monger in his views of foreign affairs—and is not carried away by the love of theory. Like the Duke of Wellington, he has strong feelings on the inapplicability of the popular system of government to some of the races in Europe whose impassioned spirit hurries them to excesses. With his fame associated with the last settlement of Europe, he has a personal interest in the maintenance of peace—and his advent to the premiership of England is a favorable augury against the horrors of war.

Of a spare figure, with a cold manner, savoring of the official formalist, Lord Aberdeen is not calculated to lead in debate—yet there is a judicial gravity in his style. His views are always lucid—expressed in correct diction—and his argument is consecutive. His vast experience, his prolonged and confidential intercourse with his friends Wellington and Peel, his extensive attainments, and the peculiar calmness of his nature, give to his opinion that moral authority in the counsels of his sovereign which men of greater genius but less discretion never could attain. By the command of his royal mistress, the figure of the noble earl was grouped by Winterhalter in a portrait-piece with those of her two greatest subjects—the Great Duke and the renowned "Member for Tamworth." This compliment from the court was marked and emphatic; and in accordance with it was the deference paid to Lord Aberdeen by the members of the present cabinet. Rare must be the qualities of the minister under whom such statesmen as Lord John Russell, Lords Palmerston and Clarendon, Sir James Graham, and others, can be content to sit, without being obnoxious to the charge of deficiency in self-assertion.

Turning from the leader of the House of Lords to the leader of the Commons, the contrast is striking. If any one in 1827 had observed the tendencies of these distinguished persons, how he would have derided the notion that what Madame de Staël called "*ce grand mot de circonstance*" would now place them both, side by side, as the main supports of a united cabinet. In 1827 Lord Aberdeen was an oppositionist to Canning—in the same year Lord John Russell, without taking office under that statesman, assisted him in his difficult position. Even at that early period of his life, "Lord John" had fixed attention on himself, by his intellectual industry, and by the frequency with which he had sought the laurels of the Muse. As a novelist, he had sighed over the fortunes of "The Nun of Aronea"—as a biographer, he had told the story of Lord William Russell—as an editor, he had published the Letters of Lady Rachel.

Russell—as an historian, he had written “Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe”—as an essayist, he had produced an able dissertation on “The Causes of the French Revolution,” and an elaborate tract on “The Turks in Europe”—and as a dramatist, he had composed “Don Carlos.” He had also written sundry *vers de société*—and had given repeated proofs of being what Moore called “a high-thoughted spirit.” We have, as we write, nearly all of his literary productions lying before us:—they are all indicative of a thoughtful mind, with a deep moral tone. Here is a passage from “Don Carlos,” which reads with interest as we think of its writer’s vast success in the political drama wherein he has played so leading a part. —

Valdez. It was my aim,  
And I obtained it not for empty glory,  
For as I rooted out the weeds of passion,  
One still remained, and grew till its tall plant  
Struck root in every fibre of my heart —  
It was ambition — not the mean desire  
Of rank or title, but great glorious sway  
O’er multitudes of minds.

Lucero. That you have gained.

Valdez. I have indeed, and why? I’ll tell thee why.

My appetites  
Were in one potent essence concentrate,  
I neither loved, nor feasted, nor played dice;  
Power was my feast, my mistress, and my game.  
Thus I have acted with a will entire,  
And wrenched the passion that distracted others  
Into a sceptre for myself.

By birth belonging to the hereditary whigs — Lord John Russell by his pursuits and associations became identified with the literary liberals. Applauded by Mackintosh, favorably “reviewed” by Jeffrey — he was hailed as a rising planet by the Holland House coterie; and his pen was deemed so formidable, that quarterly volleys were poured on him every year from Albemarle-street. But none of his literary recollections are more honorable to him than his life-long friendship for Thomas Moore. Not many months before the poet died, we received some strong proofs of the genuine warmth of that friendship. We had the good fortune to be present, under very interesting circumstances, at a reunion of the oldest living friends of Moore, whose names appear frequently in his Diary. The conversation turned on Lord John’s attachment to Moore, and the testimony of several present as to its sincerity was emphatic. We allude to the circumstance, as it enables us to place before our readers a graphic description of Lord John Russell. We have had access to the personal and political reminiscences of one of that company, and amongst them we find the following elaborate portrait: —

Lord John Russell presented so many contrasts in his character that he is worthy of special study. He had that native force of resolution

— that intrepidity of spirit which in a life of action is worth more than mere talents or hoarded attainments. His outward form was frail and weakly; his countenance sicklied over with the effects of ill health and solitary self-communing; his figure shrunken below the dimensions of ordinary manhood; his general air that of a meditative invalid. But within that feeble body was a spirit that knew not how to cower, a gallant heart that could pulsate vehemently with large and heroic emotions, a soul that aspired to live nobly in a proud and right manly career. His voice was weak, his accent mincing with affectation, his elocution broken, stammering, and uncertain, save when in a few lucky moments his tongue seemed unloosed, and there came rushing from his lips a burst of epigrammatic sentences — logical, eloquent, and terse — and occasionally vivified by the fire of genius. Then would his right hand convulsively be clenched, his head proudly thrown back, the outline of his face become rigid and drawn, and the small form seem to dilate, while the cheek would blanchen with moral excitement, as the ecstasy of applauding partisans made the walls of the senate ring with echoing cheers. But these visitations of the Muse came few and far between. Always an adroit and apt debater, with a tenacious memory and tact in applying his previous knowledge to a disputed question, he was so deficient in those physical gifts and personal endowments which charm large assemblies, that he failed in gaining that moral ascendancy over others which is the result of first-rate oratorical power. Yet his defects as a speaker were amply compensated for by his merits as a man. Nature gave him his bold and fearless spirit — and he gave himself a moral purpose. He had the advantage of being trained to think in the Edinburgh School of Philosophy, and had learned from Dugald Stewart to scale the height of speculation, and contemplate with philosophic spirit the sublime and spiritual problem of human destiny. He was not bred up in the routine training of a duke’s son, but had been cast into contact with variety of classes in early life. He brought into English politics more of that methodizing and theoretical philosophy than has generally been fashionable in our legislators. He never wholly lost the challenging and disputatious investigation of principles which results from the study of speculative science. He would, probably, have never been a man of action if he had not been driven onward by an ambitiously patriotic purpose to link his name in his country’s memory with acts of historical renown. A thorough Englishman, he worshipped the constitution of his country in the orthodox whig creed by which the great revolution families seek to rule the party attached to progress. By family pride and ancestral recollections being attached to popular ideas, he thirsted for the delicious draught of personal popularity won by great deserts. Political life, therefore, presented to him a scene of æsthetical and sentimental enjoyment awakening pleasurable sensations. For the drudgery of office, for the laborious toil that is not showy or dazzling, he had neither the liking nor the powers. Having no stomach for

statistics, he had not the least aptitude as a financier, and was out of his sphere when the destiny of the country hung upon economic ideas, and was best suited for political struggle in an age when he could usefully dissent upon constitutional metaphysics, and preach up the virtues of a mixed form of government, hallowed by glorious recollections and inspired by historical traditions.

Without stopping here to criticize some points of the foregoing characterization, we will illustrate it by some suggestive extracts. The "Aladdin Lamp speech" has been often alluded to on account of the force of its thoughts and the singular beauty of its language. In debating the Reform Bill in 1831, Sir Robert Peel thus adverted to it. We quote from the manuscript:—

He read at length what he called one of the most just and beautiful panegyrics on the British Constitution ever delivered. It was from a speech delivered in 1819 by Lord John Russell, in which he said:—"Old Sarum existed when Somers and the great men of the revolution established our government. Rutland sent as many members as Yorkshire, when Hampden lost his life in defence of the constitution. If we should change the principles of our constitution, we should commit the folly of the servant in the story of Aladdin, who was deceived by the cries of new lamps for old." The language in which Lord John Russell had clothed his ideas in his famous Aladdin speech was as graceful as ever came from the best orators or writers of his party. Often as it has been quoted in public assemblies, it was never read with more elocutionary or graceful emphasis than by Sir Robert Peel, whose silvery tones and modulated voice did full justice to the following words, pregnant with political truth.—"Our lamp is covered with dust and rubbish, but it has a magical power. It has raised up a smiling land, not bestrode with overgrown palaces, but covered with modest dwellings, every one of which contains a freeman, enjoying equal protection with the proudest subject in the land. It has called into life all the busy creations of commercial prosperity. Nor when men were wanted to defend and illustrate their country, have such men been deficient. When the fate of the nation depended on the line of policy which she should adopt, there were orators of the highest degree placing in the strongest light the arguments for peace and war. When we decided upon war, we had heroes to gain us laurels in the field and wield our thunders on the sea. When, again, we return to peace, the questions of internal policy, of education of the poor, of criminal law, found men ready to devote the most splendid abilities to the well-being of the community. And shall we change an instrument that has produced effects so wonderful for a burnished and tinsel toy of modern manufacture? No; small as the remaining treasure of the constitution is, I cannot consent to throw it into the wheel for the chance of obtaining a prize in the lottery of revolution."

The point and polish of the foregoing passage are not less remarkable than its broad political truth. It records in striking terms that attachment to the constitution as a whole which has been always a popular feeling in England. Mr. Macaulay has perhaps too often used "the lamp of Aladdin" as an illustration in his brilliant "Essays"—but Lord John spoke the following passage in 1819, before Mr. Macaulay loomed over the literary horizon. The lottery-wheel metaphor has great felicity:—the "actuality" from which the trope was taken has since happily become historical.

The essay entitled "The Causes of the French Revolution" was published anonymously in 1832, and in an octavo volume. It is only a portion of a work designed on an extensive scale. No one can read it without perceiving that the author was a man of reflecting mind and highly exercised understanding. He treats, the "French Revolution" as the necessary sequence of protracted despotism and an utterly irrational system of government. We will cite from it a passage that contains the very essence of philosophical whiggism, and epitomizes the general view of the conservative-liberals for the last twenty years:—

Despotism and democracy, indeed, bear a striking resemblance in many of their features, which was long ago pointed out by Aristotle. Each is suspicious, jealous, fearful, fond of flattery, cruel, capricious, and tyrannical. Aristocracy, again, when uncontrolled, is as much to be feared as either despotism or democracy. From the history of the world, therefore, it would appear that will, however general, cannot be considered as a good basis of government. Servile men, indeed, who worship authority, adore an arbitrary king; prejudiced men, who are dazzled by birth and wealth, cringe to an arbitrary aristocracy; enthusiastic or ambitious men, who think, or affect to think, that there is virtue in numbers, cry up an arbitrary multitude; but a philosopher, who weighs things calmly, sees, in all these disguises, the dominion of a frail, fallible mortal; and refuses to give unlimited power to a being whose mind may be clouded by all the varieties of error, and whose will may be perverted by all the whirlwinds of passion. Upon surveying the history of government, he sees that the raw material, man, must be manufactured into something artificial before he is fit for the purposes of government; that he must be "through certain strainers well refined" before he can assume the direction of his species. It is for this reason that all the most applauded governments—Sparta, Rome, England, Holland—have been formed upon the principle of mutual control. It is by dividing power among different orders and classes; by multiplying forms and privileges; by giving the people an attachment to settled rules of proceeding, and a habit of loving justice; by filtering the turbid current of popular opinion through vari-

ous modes of deliberation and of counsel ; by giving a sanctity to judicial bodies, before which rank and riches bend in submission ; and, finally, by opposing a check to every act of passion, whether in chief, nobles, or people, that the whole society is protected against the abuse of those faculties of government, the right use of which produces some of the greatest of human blessings.

And elsewhere we find the remark : —

Political power is, generally speaking, a matter of permission ; and so long as a nation is tranquil, easy and obedient, it is impossible to say that the power which rules them is not, *de jure* as well as *de facto*, a legitimate government. Restore to the people their sovereignty ; they will instantly delegate it afresh ; and there are times when a nation is more faithfully represented by the sword of Cæsar than by the senate of Cato.

Whether the thinking of the foregoing passages be right or wrong, none can deny that they exhibit philosophic generalization and trenchant style. It is after reading such passages, that we can appreciate those two stanzas from Moore's lines to his noble friend : —

With an ardor for liberty, fresh as in youth

It first kindles the bard and gives life to his lyre ;  
Yet mellowed e'en now by that mildness of truth

Which tempers, yet chills not, the patriot fire ;

With an eloquence, not like those rills from a height

Which sparkle, and foam, and in vapor are o'er ;  
But a current that works out its way into light

Through the filtering recesses of thought and of lore.

— Moore was very proud of having written these lines — expostulating with Lord John Russell on his intention, nearly thirty years since, to abandon politics. He used playfully to allude to them as the effusions of a real "vates."

Ever since Lord John has become famous in the senate he has been criticized with great severity by eminent persons belonging to adverse schools of thought. He has been quizzed and satirized by Sydney Smith, and very harshly spoken of in a work of great ability, "The History of the Peace." The witty sayings of the late Canon of St. Paul's are uncommonly sharp and shrewd — but we could no more accept as historical verities his most amusing caricatures of Lord Melbourne, Lord Palmerston, and the present leaders of the Commons, than we could think of taking Moore's "Twopenny Post-Bag" or Byron's invectives as authorities against Lord Castlereagh. "The History of the Peace" is composed in the spirit of philosophical radicalism ; and in politics and in theology those who dwell in the same vicinage are often contentious as are borderers. Calvinists and Lutherans have written harder things of each other than

either have done of their common adversary ; and we have now lying before us scores of tracts and speeches in which the next-door neighbors of the liberal party have been very witty, very severe, and in many cases very unjust, upon each other. We observe that the hostile critics seize on the imputation that the essential failing of Lord John Russell is, indiscretion. Thus Sydney Smith wrote — "It is impossible to sleep easy while Lord John has command of the watch ;" — and the driver of the "Derby Dilly" characteristically said, in 1834 — in words that flew over the town — "Johnny has upset the coach." And so, in the *Quarterly Review*, a well-known hand assimilated him to Lord Byron's ancestor who never went to sea but in a storm — the "foul weather Jack" of nautical annals ; — the allusion being probably suggested by the famous "Channel Fleet" witticism. At this point it is interesting to turn to Moore's lines, and see how the ideality of the poet converts into heroism what the critics on Lord John have called "rashness." —

With a spirit as meek as the gentlest of those

Who in life's sunny valley lie sheltered and warm,

Yet bold and heroic as ever yet rose

To the top cliffs of fortune, and breasted the storm :

— a stanza which illustrates a remark of Sheridan on Moore (as reported by Hazlitt) — "There is no man puts so much of his heart into his fancy as Tom Moore. His soul is like a particle of fire, separated from the sun, fluttering to get back to its source of light and heat."

Although with the political convictions resulting from thought, Lord John is perhaps more of a sentimentalist than any other politician of the day — the traditions of his ancestry and the story of his famous race powerfully influencing his mind. He evidently feels that —

— the branches that spring from the old Russell tree

Are by liberty claimed for the use of her shrine.

He often argues modern questions in the style of a historical revivalist, and refers, as to some scientific canons, to the opinions of Locke and of Milton, without taking into account what Locke and Milton might think now with the new social experiences of modern Christendom. The philosophical radicals have always criticized him as not being enough of an economist in his political principles ; and they aver that he ignores "the principles of social progress" as discovered and established by Bentham and Mill. His "Letter to the Electors of Stroud" is an able defence from his own pen to the charge of being indifferent to progress. A more highly finished piece of political writing has rarely issued from any

practical statesman. Grappling with the demand for more deference to theory and less submission to established institutions, he quotes the remark made to himself in conversation by Sir James Mackintosh — "How strange it is that such a man as Mr. Bentham does not perceive that Utility itself is part of Prescription." We may add from ourselves that Voet on the "Pandects" has a sentiment similar to that of Mackintosh. The concluding sentence of the Stroud letter — "I will not lift the anchors of the monarchy while the signs of a storm are black in the horizon" — have been quoted nearly as often as "The whisper of a faction shall not prevail against the voice of a nation:" — a *mot* which attained marvellous currency during the Reform Bill agitation.

Amongst leaders of the Commons Lord John Russell has been signally successful. The post is one of prodigious difficulty: — rightly filled it may be called the most arduous political office in the world. Its duties must be discharged before a wary opposition. It demands readiness in debate and resolution in confronting adversaries. There must be courtesy and good temper, without any tendency to cringe or cajole; that fault being very fatal. Often compelled to resist, and sometimes to concede — the leader must do the first manfully, and the last gracefully. There must be either great talent or vast experience in a parliamentary leader — but "character" is indispensable. Lord John himself once wrote with significance — "It is the habit of party in England to ask the alliance of a man of genius, but to follow the guidance of a man of character."

It is a curious fact, that a Scotchman has never yet led the British House of Commons. Only two Scotchmen — the Earls of Bute and Aberdeen — have been prime ministers of England. Two Irishmen — Castlereagh and Canning — have led the Commons; and amongst prime ministers Ireland counts three — the first Marquis of Lansdowne, the Duke of Wellington, and Mr. Canning. As successful "leaders," Sir Robert Walpole and the younger Pitt are unrivalled in the duration of their power.

From the *Athenæum*.

*Life in Sweden; with Excursions in Norway and Denmark.* By SELINA BUNBURY. 2 vols. Hurst & Blackett.

WHEN we were speaking of the belligerent and inconsolable Mrs. Herve's travels in Kashmir, we characterized the present as an age of "odd female travellers." Miss Bunbury's book does not tempt us to withdraw the epithet — though it must be forthwith added, that her "curiosities of travel" are of a more quaint and feminine order than those of the

oriental tourist. Miss Bunbury exhibits herself as bustling, curious, sentimental, resolute to see, and not averse to be seen — in a manner calculated to suggest whimsical thoughts of the impression which her solitary appearance must have produced in circles wherein the travelled Englishwoman is a rarity. Our authoress appears, avowedly, to have announced herself as travelling with a view to publication; and to have "got on" in a fashion sufficiently unique. Let us take an instance at random. While waiting in Christiana for an eclipse, it occurred to Miss Bunbury that she would improve the interval by taking a run into the country. Never having learned to drive herself in a carriage, and feeling that a solitary expedition in a strange land, of which she could not speak the language, might be unsafe as well as "conspicuous," — she met willingly a proposition made by those whom she consulted, that she should hire a divinity student, on the point of taking orders, to drive her and to keep her company. The narrative shall be continued in her own words: —

The "to-morrow" came; I could scarcely sleep from excitement. However, having my travels before me, I tried to make a good breakfast. Every book of travels in the north I had read asserted that in these regions one might always calculate on good eggs. So eggs I always have ordered hitherto; in the *Hôtel de Scandinavie*, however, I think they must be reserved for the use of us English only, for they have invariably been kept too long when presented to me. I was ready, notwithstanding, and had my bonnet in my hand when the professor came into the room which is appropriated to my receptions. "Is the gig ready, Herr Professor?" — "Quite ready." — "And the candidat?" — "Yes, but —" — "But what?" — "He cannot be got in." — "Got in! How?" — "He is too big. He could not be got into the carriage, and he just fills the gig." — It was true: to crush the candidat into a carriage would have been a refinement on thumb-screwing. — "No matter," said the good-natured professor, "I have another plan for you, just what you call the very thing. There is a lieutenant who wants to go to see his family somewhere on the road to Bergen; he is glad to have a free passage, and will attend you." — "Then I must go on the road to Bergen. Very well, it is the most beautiful road." — "I will go for him now, and return in half an hour." — "What easy resources they have here!" I said to myself. In three or four hours the professor returned. — "I should have come sooner," he said, "but the lieutenant has now promised to accompany a blind man, who has come to see our country; and a promise to a blind man, you know, must be kept." — "Before one to a lady?" — "Perhaps — yes — before one to a lady who has eyes. But no matter, I have another plan, much more suited to you. Yes, this you will say is the very thing. See, now, one of our fairy-legend writers is going to

make a tour."—"A tour in Fairyland!" I interrupted, clasping my hands, and feeling myself wafted back to the far, far distant years of my blessed childhood; "and I shall share it?"—"Yes, he will drive; and if you wish to draw—"—"Draw! what? The carriage?"—"Ack! nay; he is going to collect fairy-legends; and if you wish to—what do you call it in English?" said the professor, marking lines on the palm of his hand.—"Sketch?"—"Yes, if you wish to sketch, you can do so, while he collects the fairy-legends."—"And I will give him my sketches for his legends."—"No that cannot be; native art and literature only are encouraged here. The government sends this fairy-hunter, and has already paid him for his legends, and sends him on his tour free."—"O dear! No government would pay me for mine! We have no government train to Fairy-land."—"But you must wait till to-morrow," said the professor. . . The professor had told me that the fairy-legend hunter spoke English; a delightful knowledge this was to me, for I am by no means strong in northern tongues. Thus, in the hope of using and hearing my own, I was quite at ease, when the next day they both made their appearance. The professor presented me formally. Herr Fairy-hunter made a great many bows; and as so many bows involve a good many curtsies, I inclined nearly as often. Then, with a last reverence he spoke, in English, and said, very slowly—"I complain of you much, that you are so disagreeable; but now I make an extra." I made my last reverence in reply. Such a speech, by way of a complimentary one, was rather startling, and not a little alarming. I looked nervously at the professor, who, with profound gravity, interpreted his friend's meaning, thus—"He pities you for being so disagreeably circumstanced; but he is making an abridgment of his book, and, therefore, cannot now make his tour." I bowed with a sense of relief, and the fairy-hunter and myself exchanged some sentences which I do not record, as I believe the fairies alone would be able to understand the language. "I have got another plan for you," said the professor; "yes, this is the very thing. A teacher of music here wishes to take his wife and child into the country, and one of our opera-voices, who also speaks Italian—which you do likewise—will go with them. They will all join you; but as they must leave their affairs here, they expect you will pay all the travelling expenses. They will bring their own provisions, because there are none to be got on the road. That is fair."—"Very fair, indeed," I answered. "The very thing."—"I complain of you much!" murmured the fairy-hunter, looking at me compassionately.—"You must, then, take a carriage," said the professor.—"It will be quite filled," I replied. "Four persons, with Norse-cloaks, pipes, tobacco-pouches, provisions, and luggage!"—"And the child?" added my professor.—"Ah! I suppose I must take it on my knee."—"You are very disagreeable," said the fairy-hunter, with a look of commiseration at me; but I thought, secretly, that others were still more disagreeable. "But Mr. Murray's

Hand-book says it is dangerous to take a heavy carriage over the hills of Norway, and certainly a roll down among such *et ceteras* would not be pleasant," I added. Herr Fairy-hunter moved uneasily on his chair, worked his hands together, shook his head disapprovingly, and said, "You must be complained of."

Miss Bunbury at last succeeded in finding a guide and companion. Such strength as her book possesses lies in the record of adventures like the above. She spares neither her own scrapes nor the peculiarities of those by whose hospitable aid she studied the life and manners of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. The following bit of landscape, introduced as a specimen of Miss Bunbury's "touch" applied to other subjects than men and women, reminds us, in its tone and temper, of the northern vignettes of the Countess Hahn-Hahn:—

Before the autumn expired, I resolved to visit Upsala; and, accompanied by a young woman, whom I took as companion, I set off by the steamboat on Lake Mälär. It was truly a miserable day, toward the latter end of September. The cold was such that no amount of clothing seemed to me enough; and there, on board that boat, was a poor little Frenchwoman, the wife of a professor of Paris, without any sort of cloak or defence against it. I gave her part of mine, and made her put her feet at the open door of the fire-room. We sat there and talked French. She told me her husband had come to Sweden in order to acquaint himself fully with its history, politics, past and present state in regard to government, agriculture, produce, manufactures, &c. &c. How long had he been in Sweden? I asked. Nearly six weeks, she answered. This seems, indeed, a favorite time for authors' visits. . . . The whole passage on the lake to Upsala was very dreary. It is not at any time so interesting or beautiful here as it is in other parts. The prevalence of that drug in Swedish scenery, and, indeed, in Swedish ground, the fir and pine, and the nearly total absence of what are called here, curiously enough, leaf-trees—that is, all trees that bear leaves in summer and not in winter—gives a monotonous and rather heavy air to the banks, which is only occasionally diversified by the appearance of such fine places as Skokloster. And if such be the case at all times, it may be supposed what it was on a dark, rainy, and bitterly cold day. We landed, however, and got to an hotel, and were given an immense room, with a couple of sofas in it, which at night were opened, and the treasures they contained were taken out and laid upon them: and so your sofa is turned into your bed, and your sitting-room into your sleeping room, with very little ado. And the evening was so wet that I stayed in the house, and tried to persuade myself I was in Upsala. . . . When I went out of the hotel on a sunny morning, I went about and about, and said, "Where is Upsala?" and my companion said, "You are in it;" and I answered, "No, I am in a clean, modern, good-looking town, of new wooden houses, painted, or

colored, in all colors, chiefly red; the streets are wide, very wide indeed; and the whole thing looks as if it had sprung up in a night by the work of a few carpenters' hands." There is an old orange-colored castle, partly in ruins, up there on a great elevation, from whence you see interminably around, over one vast plain, unbroken almost by a tree; the widest, barest, most uninteresting scene I ever beheld. There is an immense brick cathedral, deformed by Swedish taste in renovation, standing in an open space; there are multitudes of men, young and middle-aged, walking everywhere about with cigars or pipes in their mouths, and hideous boys' caps, of white jean, on their heads, and no other academic dress; whenever they get together in groups, or set out on their favorite annual tours, they sing a great deal, make much noise, and generally act rather rudely. These are the students.

Miss Bunbury passed a winter in Stockholm, as the lodger of a countess—who instructed her benignantly on the manners and customs and short-comings of English ladies, and who is depicted as being a mean, old-fashioned, prejudiced woman, illiberal in her notions, and not very generous in her hospitalities. The coming on of hard weather is described with some sprightliness:—though as regards pictorial skill Miss Bunbury does not equal other travelling Englishwomen—to name but two, the writer of the "Letters from the Baltic" and Miss Howitt. There is life in her picture of Stockholm on a Christmas evening night, with all the preparations for that merry season, which seem to become more and more elaborate in proportion as we travel northward. We can also recommend persons curious in that subject of inexhaustible interest, the marriage ceremony, to read Miss Bunbury's description of the wedding of a distiller's foreman, to which she was carried as a spectator—and which was solemnized, as not unfrequently happens on the Continent, in a house hired and garnished for the occasion. Then, we have the tale of Miss Bunbury's presentation at court:—and an illustration of conventional modesty new to us—in its comicality out-doing the most outrageous case or specimen gathered by Mrs. Trollope or by Captain Marryat:—

As I was unable to eke out the little adornment which nature herself had bestowed upon my head, by wearing the plumes more lavishly bestowed on other creatures, without being guilty of usurping the honors of matrimony, I felt it necessary to make the most of my natural advantages, by calling in the aid of a hair-dresser. Recollecting having seen a shop of that description, kept by a Frenchman from Paris, somewhere about Brunkeberg, I thought there was no difficulty in the way, and, asking Fröken to accompany me on a walk, I went out, intending to make this matter its object. The shop proved to be a perfumery and fancy stationery one also. There was a woman only therein, who, when I

asked for monsieur, said she was his wife, and supposed she would do as well. I replied no, for I wanted him to come to dress my hair. "Not your *own* hair," she said, in a solemn and questioning manner.—"Certainly my own hair."—"On your head?"—"Certainly on my own head. Can I see him?" The good woman looked at me with face that plainly said, "What an audaciously hardened creature this must be to make such a proposal!" Then abruptly saying, "He is absent! he is in Paris! he is very ill in bed!" she turned her back, and looked up at the articles on her shelf. I went away; on our road I saw a sign with "Perukmakare" upon it; and before Fröken could stop me I entered the shop. There was a man here. "Is it to make a peruke?" he inquired.—"No! to come to dress my hair." The poor man seemed to undergo a convulsion to avoid laughter. Then he looked so awkward. I think he blushed. But I looked out, and saw Fröken standing with a very pretty face of perfect distress in the street. "Madame! Madame!" she cried at the door, when I appeared, "that is impossible that we can ask for a hair-dresser in Stockholm! Pray, madame, come home; I want to be at home." I went home with the poor girl, thinking only that it is very unpleasant for any not interested in an object to go about thus on an unpleasant day, looking for what is not easily found. A few minutes after we entered the house, I followed Fröken to the salong, and found my hostess leaning her back against the kakelugn, or stove, and laughing most heartily; while Fröken stood before with a half-ashamed, half-relieved countenance, evidently in the act of confession. "Yes, madame," cried the former, interrupting her laugh to speak to me, and taking it up again, "yes, I am telling her that is not so dangerous," and the laugh recommenced—"What?"—"To ask for a hair-dresser." That there was some inflection going which such persons were in danger of conveying, I was now quite convinced; but when I simply asked if this were the case, a roar of laughter echoed through the great room. It brought out some young ladies to see if what was going on were rolig—a word, I think, oftener used in the Swedish language than in any other, certainly oftener than we use its English expletive—amusing. But to see all the modest faces that were put to the blush when they heard that madame had actually been inquiring for a hair-dresser! "Well," said the hostess at last, "it is not wonderful that madame should do so, for in my younger days it was not thought improper to employ a man to dress hair."—"Improper!" I cried, opening my eyes, as a new light dawned on them, and that good wife's shocked expression of face reappeared before them; "Improper! why, in England, where propriety is very much thought of, and in France too, that is an every-day occurrence."—"Yes, yes, that is not dangerous; and that I find quite a foolish idea, though it is our custom," said our hostess, for once in her life giving up the perfection and immutability of Swedish ways. "It was not so in my youth. No, when I was in the world it was not improper to have a hair-dresser." The ladies ran away; and I asked the elder one in private

what it was that constituted this impropriety. "That is just what I cannot well say," she replied; "but no lady here would have a man to dress her hair; they have women who are taught to do so."—"But these women are taught by men."—"Yes, but man kan inte hjelpe det."—"The fact is it is a lady's propriety, but not a woman's, that is shocked by employing a male hair-dresser," I remarked.—"It is our custom, madame; but I grant you I do not think it a wise one, for it was not thought dangerous when I was in the world forty years ago."—"But how can it be so now?"—"Why—you know he must go into the ladies' apartments."—"Yes, but men often do so here, at all times, and sit and talk there with them."—"Yes; but you know their toilet is not complete when their hair is to be dressed."—"But propriety is much more outraged when it is complete," I answered.—"Man kan inte hjelpe det," said the noble dame, and ran off to the kitchen.

The above extracts will suffice to give the reader a fair, and, we think, a not unpleasant, idea of Miss Bunbury's book. She is not so much wanting in good nature as wanting in taste. She possesses the power of observation in larger proportion than the faculty of selection. A sledge accident which confined her to the house, made her the object of affectionate ministration on the part of Miss Bremer, to whose thoughtful and delicate benevolence every one who has written concerning the Swedish novelist bears concurrent testimony.

From Notes and Queries.

#### THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

I HAVE just met with a passage in the *Pseudodoxia Epidemica* of Sir Thomas Browne, wherein this invention is foreshadowed in terms more remarkable and significant, if less imaginative and beautiful, than that from *The Spectator*, to which public attention has already been directed, and which, I conceive, must unquestionably have been written with this particular example of the "received tenets and commonly presumed truths" of the learned physician's day distinctly present to the mind of Addison. The passage referred to is as follows:—

There is another conceit of better notice, and *whispered thorow the world* with some attention; credulous and vulgar auditors readily believing it, and more judicious and distinctive heads not altogether rejecting it. The conceit is excellent, and, if the effect would follow, somewhat divine; whereby we might communicate like spirits, and confer on earth with Menippus in the moon. And this is pretended from the sympathy of two needles touched with the same loadstone, and placed in the centre of two abecedary circles, or rings with letters described round about them, one friend keeping one, and another the other, and agreeing upon the hour wherein they will communicate. For then, *saitb tradition*, at what distance of place soever, when one needle

shall be removed unto any letter, the other, by a wonderful sympathy, will move unto the same. —Book II., chap. ii., 4to., 1669, p. 77.

Thus it is that "coming events cast their shadows before;" and, in the present case, one is curious to learn how far back the *shadow* may be traced. By whom has this conceit been *whispered thorow the world*? and in what musty tomes is that *tradition* concealed which speaks concerning it? Kircher's *Catena Magnetica* might haply tell us something in reply to these inquiries.

In conformity with an often repeated suggestion to the correspondents of "N. & Q.," to the simple signature of my *habitat*, alone hitherto adopted by me, I now subjoin my name.

Cowgill.

WM. MATTHEWS.

TRIUMPH OF PENNY POSTAGE.—Having been among the very first to recognize the merits, and prognosticate the success, of Rowland Hill's scheme of postage reform, it has afforded us great pleasure to record, from time to time, the gradual realization of all the advantages which its author and most sanguine supporters anticipated from it. We have seen the facilities for transmitting letters trebled, & not quadrupled, and the rate of postage reduced to less than one-sixth—counting double letters, we might say less than one-twelfth—of what it was before, and while the public have gained thus as individuals, the public revenue has not suffered. Mr. Hill's promises in regard to the ultimate productiveness of the penny rate have been fulfilled—*nam*, more than fulfilled. The last return, issued only a few days ago, is replete with facts of a most wonderful and gratifying kind. The gross revenue from the Post Office is now more by 100,000*l.* than it was in the highest years of the old system, and the increase of accommodation to the public is measured by the fact that, instead of 75,907,572 letters carried in 1839, and these single letters, there are now carried 379,591,499, many of them really double, and the majority of them such as would have been charged double postage under the old system. The gross revenue of the Post Office was—

In 1839 . . . . .	£2,339,737 18 3
In 1852 . . . . .	2,434,326 15 7

The net revenue has not yet reached what it was in 1839; but this is owing to the increased accommodation afforded by double mails daily from London to the extremities of the kingdom, by a great addition to the number of side posts, by the heavier expense of quick transit as compared with slow, and by the larger amount of work done to the government department. Still, the net revenue is coming up fast. In 1839 it was 1,614,353*l.*; in 1841, the first year of the cheap postage, it fell to 410,028*l.*; but last year it had risen to 965,442*l.*, and the charge to the government departments should be now 124,977*l.*, instead of 45,166*l.*, as it was in 1839. Well may Rowland Hill and the friends of cheap postage, and the friends of low charges generally, congratulate themselves on the result of this grand experiment. —*Aberdeen Herald*.

From the Spectator, 13th Aug.

## CHRISTIANITY A LA CHINOISE.

If some intelligent Chinese officer charged with promoting the trade between Great Britain and China had landed in Ireland in 1848 maugre the vigilance of the queen's officers, had penetrated to Widow McCormack's garden, and had obtained a personal acquaintance of Mr. Smith O'Brien and his allies, he would have been able to write home letters to the Chinese newspapers filled with actual information collected on the spot. He would have been able to tell the public of Peking and Nankin the details of the personal appearance of Mr. Smith O'Brien, Mr. Meagher, Mr. John Mitchell, and others. He could have described their costume, and could have reported from their own mouths their intentions and the principles of their political philosophy. But when all that was done, how far would he have gone to enlighten the Chinese people as to the general state of the British empire, the progress of the rebellion in Ireland, or the relation of Mr. Smith O'Brien to her majesty Queen Victoria! To have "been there" does not involve sufficient knowledge to describe the circumstances which mark the real value and probabilities of any anomalous movement in a strange country. Before we can understand the rebellion, we must understand the people, and those circumstances that define the rebellion. A revolt in Geneva means far less than a revolt in St. Petersburg, although the government of one place is far more popular than the other. Actual possession of Widow McCormack's garden appeared for an instant a fact, and might have deceived a Chinese roving commissioner; and yet how frail the tenure was we all know. O'Connell, standing on the Rath of Mullaghmast to be crowned with something or other, might have appeared to a Chinese commissioner as if he had really made some progress towards restoring the Ming dynasty of Ireland; and yet the O'Connell dynasty has passed, and England continues as she was. The Chinese reporter could have given the actual words of a patriotic song performed on the occasion; and yet his proofs would have been insufficient to stand the test of subsequent facts. The truth is, that the most important proofs as to the tendency and extent of the rebellion were gathered before the last letters, from an officer on the spot. A movement which is felt from Canton to Shanghai, if not to Nankin and the borders of Peking, establishes its importance by its geographical extent; and, whatever may be the unintelligible tenets of its promoters, it is a great fact.

Some of the most circumstantial statements with regard to the rebels cast discredit on the

rest; such, for example, as the enormous massacres imputed to the Neo-Christians of China, tending to the extermination of the rest — 20,000 Mantehou men, women and children, subjected to *Christian* vengeance! Persons not the least acquainted with that country utterly doubt the probability of such acts; and if that one peculiar incident, which appears to be so characteristic of a headlong missionary rebellion, is not to be relied upon, how are we to believe the rest? How believe that "Loboson" — which is not more unlike Robinson or Robertson than the Tahiti "Opano" is unlike Banks — is really a well-known Mr. Roberts of Canton; and if not, how are we to understand that "the Great Tranquillity" or "Supreme Pacificator" of China is one of the pupils of that gentleman? It may be so; but the statement, amidst the indiscriminate tissue of gossip collected from a race expressing itself in alien language, and perhaps misled by its own ignorance, derives uncertainty from its context.

Quite as doubtful as all the rest is the assertion that the Chinese are not only Christians but "Protestants." What knowledge is it possible they can have of the spiritual régime called Popery; a knowledge of which is necessary to comprehend the mere idea of Protestantism? How could a Chinese understand the doctrine of the real presence, of apostolic authority transmitted *ex officio*, or any other of the essential questions in debate which mark the distinctions between Romanist and Protestant? They say that they are "followers of Jesus;" but so would the Jesuits say; and it would be as correct to describe the Celestials as enrolled in that influential order, once not unknown amongst them, as it is to rank them statistically with the supporters of the Protestant Alliance.

The fact is, that the special accounts do not bring us nearer to a knowledge of the precise tenets and purposes of the rebels — perhaps no nearer than they themselves have arrived at. It is natural that their purposes should be vague, and therefore incapable of communication; even still more natural that their Christianity should not be that of England or of Rome, but of Quantung and Shanghai. It is not only to be expected that they should give their peculiar version and application to the doctrines which they cannot comprehend in their original form, but it was inevitable that genuine Christianity should be unable to penetrate the comprehension of a race so limited in its experience and its ideas. How can any European ideas of Christian tenets penetrate to a people who think in a language written with a camel's hair pencil and "the fingers of the flying dragon," arranged with the form of a Chinese puzzle, and familiarized to us by the ornamental gridiron hieroglyphic of the tea-chest?

To us, however, this view of the Chinese missionary rebellion is far from diminishing the importance of that movement. The more Chinese it is, the more important it appears. It might, indeed, on grounds of *a-priori* Christianity, appear to be a reproach that the Bibles sold by Mr. Gutzlaff in Amoy should flourish in this crop of insurrection and carnage. But what was to be expected, if the whole social and political relations of a people were unsettled; and how was it possible to make China Christian, without unsettling all its social relations! Some of the Bibles sown broadcast in China have been discovered as the linings of tea-chests; so little power had the Chinese mind of assimilating the ideas embodied in the volume sent forth for distribution. The next thing was, to receive the truths, not in the form that we comprehend them, perhaps in itself somewhat different also from the old Judaical perception of the same truths; but in the Chinese form—a form which makes the seventh commandment extend not only to offences cognate with that particularly prohibited, but also to the great social vice of China, opium-smoking. It does not follow, therefore, that because Chinese Christianity is not English Christianity, it is utterly contemptible or without a vivifying power. That the Chinese should at once be competent to be enrolled amongst the provinces of his Holiness the Pope, except in some colorable and false manner, we hold to be impossible; that they should straightway be annexed to the Church of England, is a still more impracticable idea. The only possible mode of their coming to Christianity was, that they should frame a transition doctrine for themselves. It would be equally impossible for genuine Christian patriots to write down to their level. We saw something of such a process in the Demerara Bible, which in its account of the marriage at Cana called the steward the “grand foot-boy,” and a maid-servant a “woman foot-boy”—a puerile burlesque which must have degraded the hand that composed it. For the Chinese, the Bible and the leading doctrines of Christianity remain unaltered! and when they have accomplished as much truth as they can realize, a further truth will lie open for their further conquest, unperturbed by those who profess to teach it. The rudeness of the Chinese Christianity, therefore, is one mark of its genuine character—one reason why it can spread amongst them—one facility for its being incorporated in their institutions; and if it be regretted that Christianity should become a war-cry and be propagated by the sword, history will console us with the reflection, that great reforms, spread over a large extent of territory and accomplished in brief space of time, have usually been effected by that summary weapon.

From the Examiner, 20th Aug.

#### THE REBELLION IN CHINA.

NOTWITHSTANDING its remoteness of scene, and our necessarily imperfect information, the rebellion in China is full of interest. The latest accounts show it advancing to final success. It is fast reaching the point when it will cease as rebellion, and be heard of as something else. Already the Hong Kong papers, which were obstinate unbelievers not many weeks ago, civilly refer to the insurgents as the *patriot army*. We are likely, in short, to be the contemporaries of a very great event in the history of mankind—a revolution extending over one third part of the human race, accompanied by the expulsion or destruction of strangers who conquered and established themselves two centuries ago. We may also witness possibly the origin of a new form of religion. Such events are well worth watching.

The last arrival confirms the intelligence which had reached us by its predecessor, of the capture of Amoy. It is also established, by statements perfectly authentic, that the insurgents have for some time been in possession of Nankin, the ancient native capital, the commanding position from which we ourselves dictated our own terms of peace to the Chinese government. They are equally in occupation of the cities of Chin-keang and Yangtsan, situated, like Nankin, on the great river Yang-tse-keang, and this gives them the command of the vast canal which connects the southern provinces with the capital of the empire. They have, therefore, the power, which they have exercised, of obstructing the supplies of food and tributes which support Pekin and its populous but sterile province. In fact they have established a virtual blockade of the seat of the Tartar government. The entire insurrectionary force at Pekin and its neighborhood is stated at 8,000 of the original insurgents of Qwansi, now increased by 25,000 levies which joined the victorious progress through Honan, Hopih, and other populous provinces of central China. In every encounter the “patriot army” appears to have routed the imperial troops, and to have defeated all the attempts of the latter to retake such places as they had thought expedient to occupy. They were inferior only in a fleet, as of course was to be expected. Their overpowering advantage is in their enthusiasm, and the eagerness of the populations generally for the changes they effect.

The first object of the insurgents is the subversion of the Manchoo government, and not only the expulsion, but, after the normal fashion of Asia, the extermination of the whole Tartar race. With this purpose they are reported, and this by their own account, to have massacred 20,000 Manchoes in Nankin, not sparing even women or children. To Europe-

ans on the other hand they proclaim peace and protection, and in evidence of their sincerity, immediately on the capture of Amoy—the only one of the five emporia of European trade which they have yet reached—they forthwith sent a guard for the protection of the British consulate and merchant stores. In mere prudence this perhaps was to be expected from men perfectly aware of the strength of a power that had defeated in their own time both Chinese and Tartars. It has been observed that the conquerors have established no particular form of administration of their own in the conquered places; but this would hardly have been necessary with a favorable population, stereotyped institutions, and a system of civil administration at all times in the hands of native inhabitants.

What we thus far know to be authentic of the state of the insurrection we owe to the practical good sense and spirit of Sir George Bonham, who proceeded in a war-steamer up to Nankin, in a stay of five days obtained all the knowledge attainable, and duly published the neutrality of the British government. Thus there would seem to have been no truth whatever in the rumors which at one time reached this country of the English, French, and Americans, having united in tendering assistance to the imperial government.

Let us add that since we last adverted to these matters there has been published a long and interesting communication from the commander of the *Hermes* war-steamer which conveyed our envoy to the scene of the rebellion. The writer held personal intercourse with the insurgents through the interpreter. He saw the arrested imperial tributes in corn seized and stored by them, which he estimated at 150,000 tons, the cargoes of 1,000 junks. He was also witness to the construction of batteries and their manning with 24-pounders. Evidently the object of the insurgents is to strengthen themselves at Nankin, cutting off the financial resources of the capital, and starving it into surrender. On the whole, however, the commander of the *Hermes* does not materially add to the information we already possess, and he appears rather too strenuous a Protestant for absolute impartiality. Moreover, he states things as facts which cannot be so, which necessarily throws some doubt on others that may really be so. Thus he tells us that the chief of the rebellion is the grandson of Coxinga, the Chinese rover that wrested Formosa from the Dutch. But, as the latter event happened in 1662, the assertion is about as credible as that any living Englishman should be the grandson of a follower of Charles the Second at the Restoration.

Of course the most surprising part of all this news from China, if it were only true, or likely to be true, would be that the Chinese insurgents had adopted, not simply Christian-

ity, but even Protestant Christianity. We already have said that with the sensual Chinese engaged in a war of extermination, we hold the adoption of Christianity, in any form approaching to its character with any civilized nation of Europe, to be highly improbable—let us add that in such circumstances we believe a rational Protestantism to be neither more nor less than impossible. There are, it may be remarked, three great prevalent forms of religion in China. That of Confucius or the philosophic, and that of Taou or the rationalist, are both of native origin and popular, particularly the first, which is the universal worship of the literati. The remaining religion of Buddha or Fo is of Indian origin, introduced through Tartary; and with its images, and its idle and begging priesthood, it has never been popular with the labor-loving Chinese. It is the exclusive religion, however, of the Manchoos, who on political grounds alone conform externally to the religion of Confucius; and the Chinese insurgents appear to have declared war to the knife not only against the Tartars but against this religion of theirs, and hence, we have no doubt, the numerous fragments of broken idols that the war-steamer encountered in ascending the Yang-tse-ke-ang.

Some sanguine writers have argued from the latter fact that the insurgents were iconoclasts in a Protestant sense. The greater probability is that persons from Canton imbued with some knowledge of our religion are in their ranks, and that on political and other grounds the patriots have thought it expedient to engraft some fragments of the Christian faith on their own superstitions. The new position indeed in which the Chinese of the insurrection have found themselves, would seem to have produced a change in their character little to have been looked for in so unimaginative a people. Their leader has assumed the title of "Prince of Peace." He calls himself the younger brother of Christ, adds the prohibition of tobacco and opium to the seventh commandment, and pretends to revelations from angels. In short, he aims at being the founder of a new religion, and follows, probably without knowing it, pretty closely in the track of the founders of the Mahomedan, Buddhist, and Sikh religions, who borrowed so largely from Christianity and Hinduism. If, however, on the complete success of the insurrection, any permanent change should really take place in the religion of the people, we venture to predict that the new faith will bear as little resemblance to Protestantism as the religion of Mahomed did to the Christianity of the seventh century.

The British government have paid 4000*l.* for a patent right of perforating or making holes round the penny postage-stamps.

From Notes and Queries.

## NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

THE descent of property, like the family pedigree, occasionally exhibits the most extraordinary disruption; and to those who may be ignorant of the cause, the effect may appear as romance. I have been particularly struck with the two interesting papers contained in the April number of the *Archæological Journal*, having reference to the Newstead Abbey estate, formerly the property of Lord Byron's family, which, amongst other matters, contain some severe remarks on the conduct of one of its proprietors, the great uncle and predecessor of our great poet, and having reference to dilapidation. Mr. Pettigrew, in his paper, states that —

Family differences, particularly during the time of the fifth Lord Byron, of *eccentric and unsocial manners*, suffered and even aided the dilapidations of time. The castellated stables and offices are, however, yet to be seen.

And Mr. Ashpital adds that —

The state of Newstead at the time the poet succeeded to the estate is not generally known: "*the wicked lord*" had felled all the noble oaks, destroyed the finest herds of deer, and, in short, had denuded the estate of everything he could. The hirelings of the attorney did the rest; they stripped away all the furniture, and everything the law would permit them to move. The buildings on the east side were unroofed; the old Xenodochium, and the grand refectory, were full of hay; and the entrance-hall and monk's parlor were stable for cattle. In the only habitable part of the building, a place then used as a sort of scullery, under the only roof that kept out wet of all this vast pile, the fifth Lord Byron breathed his last; and to this inheritance the poet succeeded.

It is not necessary for me to refer to the lofty expression of the poet's feelings on such his inheritance, nor to the necessity of his parting from the estate, which appears now to be happily restored to its former splendor; but possessing some knowledge of a lamentable fact, that neither Mr. Pettigrew nor Mr. Ashpital appears to be aware of, I feel inclined to soften the asperity of the reflections quoted; and palliate, although I may not justify, the apparently reckless proceedings of the eccentric fifth lord, as he is called. In the year 1796 and 1797, after finishing my clerkship, I had a seat in the chambers of the late Jas. Hanson, Esq., an eminent conveyancer of Lincoln's Inn; and while with him, amongst other peers of the realm who came to consult Mr. Hanson regarding their property, we had this *eccentric* fifth Lord Byron, who apparently came up to town for the purpose, and under the most painful and pitiable load of distress — and I must confess that I felt for him exceedingly; but his case was past remedy, and,

after some daily attendance, pouring forth his lamentations, he appears to have returned home to subside into the reckless operations reported of him. His case was this: — Upon the marriage of his son, he, as any other father would do, granted a settlement of his property, including the Newstead Abbey estate; but, by some unaccountable inadvertence or negligence of the lawyers employed, the ultimate reversion of the fee-simple of the property, instead of being left, as it ought to have been, in the father as the owner of the estates, was limited to the heirs of the son. And upon his death, and failure of the issue of the marriage, the unfortunate father, this *eccentric lord*, found himself robbed of the fee-simple of his own inheritance, and left merely the naked tenant for life, without any legal power of raising money upon it, or even of cutting down a tree. It is so many years ago, that I now do not remember the detail of what passed on these consultations; but it would appear, that if the lawyers were aware of the effect of the final limitation, neither father nor son appear to have been informed of it, or the result might have been corrected, and his lordship would probably have kept up the estate in its proper order. Whether this case was at all a promoting cause of the alteration of the law, I do not know; but, as the law now stands, the estate would revert back to the father as heir of this son. This case made a lasting impression on me, and I once had to correct a similar erroneous proposition in a large intended settlement; and I quoted this unfortunate accident as an authority. Now, although this relation may not fully justify the reckless waste that appears to have been committed, it certainly is a palliative. I do not recollect whether our fifth lord had any surviving daughter to provide for; but, if he had, his situation would be a still more aggravated position.

W. S. HASLEDEN.

THE ancient TRUFFLE was the wild red truffle of Italy; but the Romans also got the white truffle, called the Lybian, from Africa. Pliny believed truffles to be a mere excrescence of the earth, and related an anecdote of a Carthaginian governor who found a coin in the centre of one; but doubtless, the fungus grew over the coin, and thus enclosed it. In Athens (after the people had become corrupted by luxury) the freedom of citizens was given to the children of one Cherips, because their father had invented a new ragout of truffles. As these fungi never appeared over ground, it would not be possible to discover them but for their strong odor, which is particularly powerful just before thunder, when the air is filled with moisture, from which circumstance the country people, in some places, call them "thunder roots."

From the New Monthly Magazine.

AMERICAN AUTHORSHIP, NO. V.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

Nothing had we heard of "Nile Notes" or its author, when our eye was "fixed" by a collection of mottoes imprinted on the fly-leaf. Anon we were fain to construe "Nile Notes" as signifying promissory notes, issued by a capitalist of substance, and paying something more than simple interest. The traveler who had chosen epigraphs of such a kind, was himself likely, we inferred, to indite a noticeable autograph. The bush he had hung out was so unlike the dry scrubby stump commonly in use, that, in spite of the adage, we drew up at his door, in the assurance of finding good wine within. Indeed, so fond is our admiration of Sir Thomas Browne, and so susceptible our ear to the musical pomp of his rhetoric, that we should probably have been won to read "Nile Notes" had its title-page glistened with none other motto than the old knight's stately, sonorous, mystically solemn sentence: "Canopus is afar off; Memnon resoundeth not to the sun; and Nilus heareth strange voices" — a sentence, by the way, which reminds us of the assurance of a lady-friend, that she has often, in reading Sir Thomas, "*felt a sense*" from the organ-like grandeur of his style, before she fully comprehended it." Then again, there are mottoes from the Arabian Nights, and from Death's Jest Book, and the Sphinx Unriddled, and Browning's Paracelsus, and Werne's White Nile, and — not unaptly, for Mr. Curtis sometimes mouths it in almost imitative parade — from Ancient Pistol himself, who

Sings of Africa and golden joys.

Nor did a perusal of "Nile Notes" break its word of promise to the hope. It made us acquainted with a writer sometimes labored and whimsical, but, on the whole, rich in fancy, and lavish of his riches — master of a style glowing with the brilliancy of the region he depicts, and attuned to Memnonian resonances and the "strange voices" of Nilus. The stars of midnight are dear to him; to his spirit there is matter in the "silence and the calm of mute insensate things;" his ear loves to lean "in many a secret place;" and albeit a humorist and a "quizz," with the sharp speech at times of a man of the world, and a dash of the cynic in his composition, he is no stranger to that vacant and pensive mood when past impressions, greater and

deeper than he knew, "flash upon that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude."

Sarcasm and rhapsody are so interfused in "Nile Notes," that one division of readers admires or abhors just those particular chapters or pages which another division abhors or admires. Lydia Languish is in ecstasies with the sentimental paragraphs, "love-laden with most subtle sweetness," or "fringed with brilliant and fragrant flowers," and breathing an atmosphere of "silent, voluptuous sadness." Major Pendennis reads the satirical expositions of knavish dragomen and traveling Cockaigne, and swears the Howadji is a fellow after his own (Major P.'s) heart (*aj yavorto!*), and that there's no nonsense about the man, no bosh in him, sir.

Knavish dragomen and their knight-errant victims are sketched amusingly enough among these Nile Notables. So are the crew of the *Ibis*; its old grey Egyptian captain, who crouched all day long over the tiller with a pipe in his mouth, and looked like a heap of blankets, smouldering away internally, and emitting smoke at a chance orifice; brawny, one-eyed Seyd, a clumsy being in the ape stage of development — slightly sensual, and with ulterior views upon the kitchen drippings — and alas! developing backwards, becoming more baboonish and less human every day; Saleh or Satan, a cross between the porcupine and the wild cat; together with a little old-maidish Bedouin, "who told wonderful stories to the crew, and prayed endlessly," and other grisly mariners, all bad workers, and lazy exceedingly — familiarity with whom bred decided contempt, and convinced the Howadji, in spite of his prepossessions to the contrary, that there is a fallacy in the fashion which lauds the Orient, and prophesies a renewed grandeur ("as if the East could ever again be as bright as at sunrise") — and that if you would enjoy Egypt, you must be a poet, not a philosopher (the Howadji is a cross of both) — must be a pilgrim of beauty, not of morals or politics, if you would realize your dream. "The spent summer re-blooms no more," he says; "the Indian summer is but a memory and a delusion. The sole hope of the East is Western inoculation. The child must suckle the age of the parent, and even 'Medea's wondrous alchemy' will not restore its peculiar prime. If the East awakens, it will be no longer in the turban and red slippers, but in hat and boots. The West is the sea that advances for ever upon the shore — the shore cannot stay it, but becomes the bottom of the ocean. . . . Cairo is an English station to India, and the Howadji does not drink sherbet upon the Pyramids, but champagne." And thus he anticipates a speedy advent of the day when, under the sway of England or of Russia (after the lion and the polar bear have "shivered the desert

\* As in Wordsworth's sublime dream of the Arab — in whose shell the poet

— Heard that instant in an unknown tongue,  
Which yet he understood, articulate sounds,  
A loud prophetic blast of harmony. — *Prelude, Book V.*

silence with the roar of their struggle"), Father Ishmael shall be a sheikh of honor, but of dominion no longer, and sit turbaned in the chimney corner, while his hatted heirs rule the house — and the children cluster around him, fascinated with his beautiful traditions, and curiously comparing their little black shoes with his red slippers.

What an open eye, nevertheless, our tourist has for the sublime and beautiful in Egyptian life, or life in death, may be seen in every section of his sketch-book. Witness his description of the temples at Abou Simbel, and the solemn session there of kingly colossi — figures of *Rameses the Great*, "breathing grandeur and godly grace" — the stillness of their beauty "steeped in a placid passion, that seems passionlessness" — the beautiful balance of serene wisdom, and the beautiful bloom of eternal youth in their faces, with no trace there of the possibility of human emotion† — a type of beauty alone in sculpture,

\* Lamentable will it be, if the hat lasts a paramount fashion until that time of day — and a shame it will be to the arbiters of taste, to every living "Glass of fashion and mould of form," if that monstrous device of ugliness and discomfort be allowed to displace the turban. It will seem, if turban be rejected for hat, that the heads of men are thickened, rather than their thoughts widened, by the process of the suns. For we hold, with the lively author of "Aesthetics of Dress," that the hat is one of the strangest vestimental anomalies of the nineteenth century: — "What a covering! what a termination to the capital of that pillar of the creation, Man! what an ungraceful, mis-shapen, useless, and uncomfortable appendage to the seat of reason — the brain-box! Does it protect the head from either heat, cold, or wet? Does it set off any natural beauty of the human cranium? Are its lines in harmony with, or in becoming contrast to, the expressive features of the face? Is it," &c. &c. In the single article of head-gear we should have hotly sympathized with that Disraelitish youth, of whom Charles Lamb asked, in the parting scramble for hats, what he had done with his turban?

† Mr. Curtis' impressions of Egyptian sculpture remind us of a passage in the English Opium-eater's writings, in reference to the Memnon's head, which, then recently brought from Egypt, struck him as "simply the sublimest sight which in this sight-seeing world he had seen." Regarding it as not a human but as a symbolic head, he read there, he tells us, "First: the peace which passeth all understanding. Secondly: the eternity which baffles and confounds all faculty of computation; the eternity which *had* been, the eternity which *was* to be. Thirdly: the diffusive love, not such as rises and falls upon waves of life and mortality, not such as sinks and swells by undulations of time, but a procession — an emanation from some mystery of endless dawn. You durst not call it a smile that radiated from the lips, the radiation was too awful to clothe itself in adumbrations or memorials of flesh. . . . The atmosphere . . . was the breathlessness which belongs to a saintly trance; the holy thing seemed to live by silence." Surely the Memnon's head must have been a sublime and oft-recurring presence in the Opium-

serene and godlike. Witness, too, his picture of the tombs of the kings at Thebes — of the Memnonium — of Karnak, "older than history, yet fresh, as if just ruined for the romantic," as though Cambyzes and his Persians had marched upon Memphis only last week — and of the Sphinx, grotesque darling of the desert, "its bland gaze serious and sweet," a voice inaudible seeming to trail from its "thinned and thinning lips," declaring its riddle still unread, while its eyes are expectantly settled towards the East, whence they dropped not "when Cambyzes or Napoleon came."

Young America is much given to Carlylish phraseology, and Mr. Curtis deals largely on his own account in this questionable line. This is one of the "conceits" which prejudice many against him. He loves to repeat, in the Latter-day Pamphleteer's fashion, certain compound epithets, indifferently felicitous at times, of his own coinage — as "Bunyan's Pilots," "Poet Harriet" (*scil.* Miss Martineau), "beaming elderly John Bull," "Rev. Dr. Duck," "Mutton Suet," and "Wind and Rain." This habit of "calling names" has set many a matter-of-fact reader against him. More, however, have taken exception to his prolonged description of the dancing-girls of Esue — a voluptuous theme, on which 'tis pity that chapter after chapter should find him "still harping," with voluntary and variations not attuned to healthy English taste. But it is a mistake to pronounce him all levity and quicksilver — to deny him a heart that can ache with deep feeling, or a brain that can throb with generous and elevated thought. Capricious he is, and eccentric, waywardly independent in outspoken habits — dashing recklessly in his flights of fancy, and quaintly exaggerated in his parts of speech; but they must have read him very superficially, or in some translation of their own, who overhear not, amid his fantasies, a still sad music of humanity, an earnestness, a sober sadness, a yearning sympathy with Richter's trinity, the Good, the Beautiful, and the True.

The Howadji of the Nile Notes appeared next, and in continuation, as the "Wanderer in Syria." He tells us that, of the Eastern tours without number of learned and poetic men, with which he is acquainted, the most, either despairing of imparting the true Oriental flavor to their works (thinking, perhaps, that Eastern enthusiasm must needs exhale in the record, as the Neapolitans declare that the *Lachrymæ Christi* can have the genuine flavor only in the very Vesuvian vineyard

eater's dreams — and a national set-off, we would hope, against the horrors of being kissed, with cancerous kisses, by crocodiles (see "Confessions"), and lost with unutterable slimy things, amongst reeds and Nilotic mud.

where it grows) — or hugging some forlorn hope that the reader's imagination will warm the dry bones of detail into life — do in effect write their books as bailiffs take an inventory of attached furniture: "Item. — One great pyramid, four hundred and ninety-eight feet high. Item. — One tomb in a rock, with two bushels of mummy dust. Item. — Two hundred and fifty miles over a desert. Item. — One grotto at Bethlehem, and contents, — to wit: ten golden lamps, twelve silver ditto, twenty yards of tapestry, and a marble pavement." Let no student of statistics, therefore, — let no auctioneer's catalogue-loving soul, — let no consulting actuary, addicted to tables and figures, — let no political economist, no census-taking censor, no sturdy prosaist, — look for a kindred spirit in this Howadjî, or for *mémoires pour servir*, serviceable memorabilia, in his picturesque pages. His avowed object is, not to state a fact, but to impart an impression. His creed is that the Arabian Nights and Hafiz are more valuable for their practical communication of the spirit and splendor of oriental life, than all the books of Eastern travel ever written.\* And he affirms the existence of an abiding charm in those books of travel only which are faithful records of individual experience, under the condition, always, that the individual has something characteristic and dramatic in his organization — heroic in adventure, or of graceful and accurate cultivation — with a nature *en rapport* with the nature of the land he visits.

From Cairo to Jerusalem, and from Jerusalem to Damascus, the wanderer meanders (not maunders) on, in his "brilliant, picturesque, humorous and poetic" manner. The people he discusses are, some of them, the same as those known in "Nile Notes" — though they "come out" with less power, and with fewer salient points. A new, and mark-worthy, acquaintance we form in the instance of Mac Whirter. And who is Mac Whirter? A bailie from the Salt-market? or a bagman from a Paisley house? or a writer from Charlotte-square? or a laird from the wilds of Ross? or a red-whiskered half-pay of the Scots' Greys? Nay; Mac Whirter is our Howadjî's "ship of the desert," poetically speaking; or, in plain prose, his camel; — the great, scrawny, sandy, bald back of whose head, and his general rusty toughness and clumsiness, insensibly begot for him in his rider's mind this Carlylish appellation. An immense and formidable brute

was Mac Whirter — held in semi-contempt, semi-abhorrence by the Howadjî, as indeed the camel species at large seems to be; for he regards them as "strange demoniac animals," and describes, apparently with a shudder, their amorphous and withered frame, and their level-lidded, unhuman, and repulsive eyes. The name, "ship of the desert," he accepts, however, and dilates upon, as suggestively true. The strings of camels perpetually passing through the streets of Cairo, threading the murmurous city life with the desert silence, he likens to mariners in tarpaulins and pea-jackets, who roll through the streets of seaports and assert the sea. And in the desert itself, not only is the camel the means of navigation, but his roll is like that of a vessel, and his long, flexible neck like a pliant bowsprit.\*

The Howadjî found Mac Whirter's neck too long and flexible by half, when, in his first desert days, he thought to alter the direction of the beast by pulling the halter (instead of touching the side of his neck with a stick), and found, to his consternation, that he only drew the long neck quite round, so that the "great stupid head was almost between his knees, and the hateful eyes stared mockingly at his own." The weariness and tedium of this kind of locomotion are vividly described — its continuous rock, rock — jerk, jerk — till you are sick of the thin, withered slip of a tail in front, and the gaunt, stiff movement of the shapeless, tawny legs before you — while the sluggish path trails through a defile of glaring sand, whose sides just contemptuously obstruct your view, and exasperate you because they are low and of no fine outline. Wearied and fevered in the desert of Arabia, the sun becomes Mandragora, and you sleep. And lo! the pomp of a wintry landscape dazzles your awaking: the sweeps and drifts of the sand-hills among which you are winding have the sculpturesque grace of snow. Up rises a seeming lake, circled with low, melancholy hills, bare, like the rock-setting of mountain tarns; and over the whole broods the death of wintry silence. The Howadjî's picture of Jerusalem, the "Joy of the whole Earth," is comparatively tame. The Bethlehem grotto forms a high-colored piece — "gorgeous with silver and golden lamps, with vases and heavy tapestries, with marbles and ivories — dim with the smoke of incense, and thick with its breath. In the hush of sudden splendor it is the secret cave of Alad-deen, and you have rubbed the precious

\* Of which books he pronounces *Eothen* certainly the best, as being brilliant, picturesque, humorous, and poetic. Yet he complains of even *Eothen* that its author is a cockney, who never puts off the Englishman, and is suspicious of his own enthusiasm, which, therefore, sounds a little exaggerated.

\* The marine analogy in question was strengthened and fixed forever by one of Mr. Curtis' fellow-pilgrims, a German, who, he tells us, "with the air of a man who had not slept, and to whom the West-Oestlicher Divan was of small account, went off in the gray dawn, sea-sick upon his camel."

lamp." The Jordan winds imposing through these pages—the "beautiful, bowery Jordan"—its swift, turbid stream eddying through its valley course, defying its death with eager motion, and with the low gurgling song of living water: fringed by balsam poplars, willows, and oleanders, that shrink from the inexorable plain behind it, and cluster into it with trembling foliage, and arch it with green, as if tree and river had sworn forlorn friendship in that extremity of solitude. The Dead Sea lies before us like molten lead; lying under the spell, not of Death, but of Insanity—for its desolation is not that of pure desert, and that is its awfulness. The Vale of Zabulon comes in triumphant relief; flowers set, like stars, against the solemn night of foliage; the broad plain flashing with green and gold, state-livery of the royal year; the long grasses languidly overleaning winding water-courses, indicated only by a more luxuriant line of richness; the blooming surfaces of nearer hills, and the distant blue mistiness of mountains, walls, and bulwarks of the year's garden, melting in the haze, sculptured in the moonlight, firm as relics of a fore-world in the celestial amber of clear afternoons. We coast the Sea of Galilee—embosomed in profound solitude and mountainous sternness; and scrutinize its population—the men in sordid rags, with long elfish earlocks, a wan and puny aspect, and a kind of drivelling leer and cunning in the eye—"a singular combination of Boz's Fagin and Carlyle's Apes of the Dead Sea;"—the women, however, even comely, with fair round faces of Teutonic type, and clad in the "coarse substantiality of the German female costume." Longingly and lingeringly we gaze on Damascus, the "Eye of the East"—whose clustering minarets and spires, as of frosted flame, glitter above the ambrosial darkness of endless groves and gardens; the metropolis of romance, and the well-assured capital of oriental hope; on the way to no Christian province, and therefore unpurged of virgin picturesqueness by western trade. Each Damascus house is a paradise—each interior a poem set to music, a dream-palace, such a pavilion as Tennyson has built in melody for Haroun El Raschid. In this way doth the Howadji etch his Wanderings in Syria.

His characteristic enthusiasm, scepticism, sentiment and satire, might be illustrated from many a passage. Thus, in Gaza, city which he had vaguely figured to himself, when a child he listened wondering to the story of Samson, Sunday came to him "with the old Sabbath feeling, with that spirit of devotional stillness in the air which broods over our home Sundays, irksome by their sombre gravity to the boy, but remembered by the man with sweet sadness." Thus he

pleads for youth's privilege to love the lotus, and thrive upon it; saying, "Let Zeno frown. Philosophy, common sense, and resignation, are but synonyms of submission to the inevitable. I dream my dream. Men whose hearts are broken, and whose faith falters, discover that life is a warfare, and chide the boy for loitering along the seashore, and loving the stars. But leave him, inexorable elders, in the sweet entanglement of the 'trailing clouds of glory' with which he comes into the world. Have no fear that they will remain and dim his sight. Those morning vapors fade away—you have learned it. And they will leave him chilled, philosophical, and resigned, in 'the light of common day'—you have proved it. But do not starve him to-day, because he will have no dinner to-morrow." And these eldern sages are reminded, that the profoundest thinkers of them all have discovered an inscrutable sadness to be the widest horizon of life, and that the longing eye is more sympathetic with nature, than the shallow stare of practical scepticism of truth and beauty. The "mixed mood" of our Wanderer—at once pointedly indicative, tenderly optative, vaguely infinitive—passes through a strange conjugation: sometimes he sneers, sometimes is almost caught suppressing a sob, often a sigh. He is sarcastic upon tourist Anglo-Catholics at the Calvary Chapel, "holding candles, and weeping profusely"—and upon the Mount Zion Protestant mission, by which "the tribes of Israel are gathered into the fold at the rate of six, and in favorable years, eight converts per annum." He is pathetic on the solicitude of Mary, at the fountain of El Bir, when she discovered, on her homeward route, that the child Jesus had tarried in Jerusalem—and it is her mournful figure that there haunts his imagination—Madonna, elected of the Lord to be the mother of the Saviour, and yet, blessed above women, to taste little maternal joy, to feel that He would never be a boy, and, with such sorrow as no painter has painted, and no poet sung, to know that even already He must be about His Father's business. He is serious on the sanctity of Jerusalem—in whose precincts the image of its great King in the mind perpetually rebukes whatever is not lofty and sincere in your thoughts, and sternly requires reality of all feeling exhibited there; for, though in Rome you can tolerate tinsel, because the history of the faith there, and its ritual, are a kind of romance, it is intolerable in Jerusalem, where, in the presence of the same landscape, and within the same walls, you have a profound personal feeling and reverence for the Man of Sorrows.

And closely in keeping with his tone of thought is the finale—the *Nunc Dimittis* he calls it—of his wanderings, when he pictures

himself homeward bound, receding over the summer sea, and watching the majesty of Lebanon robing itself in purple darkness, and lapsing into memory, until night and the past have gently withdrawn Syria from his view — then sighing that the East can be no longer a dream, but a memory — feeling that the rarest romance of travel is now ended — grieving that no wealth of experience equals the dower of hope, because

What's won is done, Joy's soul lies in the doing — and, as a snow-peak of Lebanon glances through the moonlight like a star, fearing lest the poet sang more truly than he knew, and in another sense,

The youth who farther from the East  
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,  
And by the vision splendid  
Is on his way attended,  
Until the man perceives it die away,  
And fade into the light of common day.

And so the Howadji leaves us. Is not his leave-taking sorrowfully significant? Continually — whether truly or not — he reasons thus with life.

Who would not have predicated an eastern fantasy — eastern in subject and in tone — of his "Lotos-eating: a Summer Book!" All his known antecedents warranted the expectation of something far removed from that great New World that "spins forever down the ringing grooves of change," and of which all true lotos-eaters would testify, saying,

We have had enough of action, and of motion  
we,

Rolled to starboard, rolled to larboard, while the  
surge is seething free,

in our go-ahead career, and therefore

Give us long rest or death, dark death or dream-  
ful ease.

But this "Summer Book" is, in fact, a record of Mr. Curtis' summer tour among the hills and lakes of his native land. The lotos-eater is a shrewd and satirical, as well as poetical observer, who steams it up the Hudson, and ridicules the outer womanhood of the chambermaid at Catskill, and reveals how the Catskill Fall is turned on to accommodate parties of pleasure, and criticizes dress and manner and dinner at Saratoga, and is sceptical where others are enthusiastic at Lake George, and impatiently notes the polka-dancing and day-long dawdling of Newport, with its fast horses, fast men, and fast women, — its whirl of fashionable equipages, its confused din of "hop" music, scandal, flirtation, serenades, and supreme voice of the sea breaking through the fog and dust. Not that the prevailing tone, however, is ironical. On the contrary, his own poetical habit of

thought and feeling colors and warms every page, and sustains its predominance by frequent citations from his favorite minstrels. Thus we find him again and again quoting whole pieces from Herriek, and introducing Uhland's Rhine ballad, "Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee" — and Heine's tenderly-phrased legend of Lorelei — and tid-bits from Wordsworth's Yarrow, and Tennyson's Princess, and Longfellow's Waif, and Keats' Nightingale, and Waller's "Go, lovely Rose!" and Charles Lamb's "Gipsy's Malison," and George Herbert, and Shelley, and Browning, and Charles Kingsley,\* and (for is not he also among the poets?) Thomas de Quincey. Being no longer on eastern ground, the author's style is, appropriately enough, far more subdued and prosaic than when it was the exponent of a Howadji; yet of brilliant and rhapsodical passages there is no lack. His characteristic vein of reflection, too, pursues its course as of old — and the blood thereof, which is the life thereof, will repay extraction.† American as he is, to the core, he by no means contends that the home-scenery he depicts is entitled to "whip creation." Indeed, both implicitly and explicitly his creed in this respect is a little independ-

\* The lines, namely, in "Alton Locke," beginning

O Mary, go and call the cattle home,

which certainly have a pictorial power and a wild suggestive music, all their own — and of which Mr. Curtis justly says: "Who that feels the penetrating pathos of the song but sees the rain-shroud, the straggling nets, and the loneliness of the beach? There is no modern verse of more tragic reality."

† We are here too stinted for room to apply the lancet with effect. But in illustration of the aphoristic potentiality ('ως' επος' ειναι) of the lotos-eater, we may refer to his wise contempt for an indiscriminate eulogy of travelling, as though it involved an *opus operatum* grace and merit of its own — saying, "A mile horizontally on the surface of the earth does not carry you one inch towards its centre, and yet it is in the centre that the gold mines are. A man who truly knows Shakspeare only, is the master of a thousand who have squeezed the circulating libraries dry."

The following, again, has the true Emerson stamp: "Any great natural object — a catanact, an alp, a storm at sea — are seed too vast for any sudden flowering. They lie in experience moulding life. At length the pure peaks of noble aims and the broad flow of a generous manhood betray that in some happy hour of youth you have seen the Alps and Niagara."

One more, and a note-worthy excerpt: "He is a tyro in the observation of nature who does not know that, by the sea, it is the sky-scape, and not the landscape, in which enjoyment lies. If a man dwelt in the vicinity of beautiful inland scenery, yet near the sea, his horse's head would be turned daily to the ocean, for the sea and sky are exhaustless in interest as in beauty, while, in the comparison, you soon drink up the little drop of satisfaction in fields and trees."

ent of the stars and stripes. He has been in Italy and Switzerland, and has not forgotten either. The Hudson is dear to him, but so is the Rhine. "The moment you travel in America," he says, "the victory of Europe is sure"—and he thinks it ill-advised to exhort a European to visit America for other reasons than social and political observation, or buffalo hunting—affirming the *idea* of the great American lakes, or of her magnificent monotony of grass and forest, to be as impressive and much less wearisome than the actual sight of them. In presence of Trenton Falls and Niagara, he cannot restrain longing allusions to the thousand Alpine cascades of Switzerland that flicker through his memory, "slight avalanches of snow-dust shimmering into rainbow-dust"—and to the Alpine peaks themselves, those "ragged edges of creation, half blent with chaos," upon which, "inaccessible for ever, in the midst of the endless murmur of the world, antemundane silence lies stranded, like the corpse of an antediluvian on a solitary rock-point in the sea,"—those solemn heights, towards which painfully climbing, you may feel, "with the fascination\* of wonder and awe, that you look, as the Chinese say, behind the beginning." Why does not Mr. Curtis give us his travels in Switzerland? All his Alpine references have an Alpine inspiration that makes us wish for more.† And, albeit his temptation may be to indulge in a little rhapsody, and to dazzle with diamond-dust, yet has he too keen a sense of the ludicrous, and too confirmed a tendency to sarcasm, to lose himself in mystic rapture. Even at sunrise on the Righi, he has more than "half-an-eye" for the cloaked and blanketed cockneys beside him—"as if each had arisen, bed and all, and had

\* Akin, perhaps, to that of Wordsworth's "Step-ping Westwards."

† Elsewhere he sketches the view of the Righi—celestial snow-fields, smooth and glittering as the sky—rugged glaciers sloping into unknown abysses, Niagaran cataracts frozen into foam for ever—the range of the Jura, dusky and far, and the faint flash of the Aar in the morning mist—while over the hushed tumult of peaks thronging to the utmost east, came the sun, sowing those sublime snow-fields with glorious day. And again, of his impressions from the Faulhorn, the highest inhabited point in Europe, he says: "And as I looked across the valley of Grindelwald, and saw the snow-fields and ice-precipices of all the *Horns*,—never trodden, and never to be trodden by man,—shining cold in the moonlight, my heart stood still as I felt that those awful peaks and I were alone in the solemn solitude. Then I felt the significance of Switzerland, and knew the sublimity of mountains." This "significance" is noted *déropos* of the Catskill view, where he feels the want of that true mountain sublimity, the presence of lonely snow-peaks.

so stepped out to enjoy the spectacle;"—and finds the exceeding absurdity of the crowd interfere with the grandeur of the moment.

The chapters devoted to Saratoga and Newport remind us in many a paragraph of both Hawthorne and Thackeray. The watering-places' talk is of blooming belles, who are grandmothers now, and of brilliant beaux, bald now and gouty: mournful midnight gossips! that will not let you leave those whose farewells yet thrill in your heart, in the eternal morning of youth, but compel you to forecast their doom, to draw sad and strange outlines upon the future—to paint pictures of age, wrinkles, ochre-veined hands, and mob-caps—until your Saratoga episode of pleasure has sombered into an Egyptian banquet, with your old, silently-smoking, and meditative *habitué* for the death's-head. Savors this not of "Edward Fane's Rosebud" and of "Vanity Fair!"

A history of that community whereby hangs a tale of "Blithedale Romance," has been suggested to Mr. Curtis by Nathaniel Hawthorne, who says, "Even the brilliant Howadji might find as rich a theme in his youthful reminiscences of Brook Farm, and a more novel one,—close at hand as it lies,—than those which he has since made so distant a pilgrimage to seek, in Syria, and along the current of the Nile." Such a history, by such a historian, might be a curious parallel, or pendant, to the record of Miles Coverdale.

SAGE was anciently considered so rich in medicinal qualities that there was a Latin adage, "Why does any man die in whose garden sage grows?" (*Cur moriatur homo cui salvia crescit in horto?*) Among its other virtues it was supposed to strengthen the memory, and to quicken and invigorate the senses. Its Latin name, *salvia*, is derived from *salvus*, i. e., in good health. Our English name comes from the French, *sauge*. The leaves of sage were used in divination by leaves, called by the Greeks, botanomaney. The inquirer wrote the letters of the alphabet contained in his name, and in the question he would ask, upon the leaves, which he exposed to the wind; and all that remained after the rest had been blown away, were taken up and joined together, and whatever sense could be collected from them was believed to be the answer to the inquiry.

AFFECTATION of any kind is lighting up a candle to our defects.

From Household Words.

## WHY SHAVE?

THERE are misguided men — and I am one of them — who defile daily their own beards, rasp them away as fast as they peep out from beneath the skin, mix them ignominiously with soap-suds, and cause them to be cast away with the offscourings of the house. We are at great pains and trouble to do this, and we do it unwillingly, knowing that we deprive our faces of an ornament, and more or less suspecting that we take away from ourselves something given to us by nature for our use and our advantage; as indeed we do. Nevertheless, we treat our beards as so much dirt that has to be removed daily from our persons, for no other reason than because it is the custom of the country; or, because we wish (according to the French philosopher whom we largely quote in another paper in this number), because we strive to make ourselves prettier by assimilating our appearance to that of women.

I am no friend to gentlemen who wilfully affect external oddity, while they are within all dull and commonplace. I am not disposed by carrying a beard myself to beard public opinion. But opinions may change; we were not always a nation of shavers. The day may again come when " 'T will be merry in hall, when beards wag all," and Britons shall no more be slaves to razors.

I have never read of savages who shaved themselves with flints; nor have I been able to discover who first introduced among civilized men the tonsure of the chin. The shaven polls and faces of ecclesiastics date from the time of Pope Anacletus, who introduced the custom upon the same literal authority of Scripture that still causes women to wear bonnets in our churches, that they may not pray uncovered. Saint Paul, in the same chapter, further asks the Corinthians, "Doth not even nature itself teach you, that, if a man have long hair it is a shame unto him?" Pope Anacletus determined, therefore, to remove all shame from churchmen, by ordering them to go shaven altogether. The shaving of the beard by laymen was, however, a practice much more ancient. The Greeks taught shaving to the Romans, and Pliny records that the first Greek barbers were taken from Sicily to Rome by Publius Ticinius, in the four hundred and fifty-fourth year after the building of the city. The Greeks, however — certainly it was so with them in the time of Alexander — seem to have been more disposed to use their barbers for the pruning and trimming than for the absolute removal of the beard, and of that ornament upon the upper lip which they termed the *mystax*, and which we call — using the same name that they gave to it, slightly corrupted — mus-

tache. In the best days of Greece few but the philosophers wore unpruned beards. A large flowing beard and a large flowing mantle were in those times as naturally and essentially a part of the business of a philosopher, as a signboard is part in these days of the business of a publican. So there is a small joke recorded of an emperor, who, having been long teased by an importunate talker, asked him who or what he was. The man replied in pique, "Do you not see by my beard and mantle that I am a philosopher?" — "I see the beard and mantle," said the emperor, "but the philosopher, where is he?"

The idea that there existed a connection between a man's vigor of mind and body, and the vigor of growth in his beard, was confirmed by the fact that Socrates, the wisest of the Greek philosophers, earned preëminently the title of the bearded. Among races of men capable of growing rich crops on the chin, the beard has always been regarded more or less as a type of power. Some races, as the Mongolians, do not get more than twenty or thirty thick coarse hairs, and are as likely then to pluck them out after the fashion of some northern tribes, as to esteem them in an exaggerated way, as has been sometimes the case in China. In the world's history the bearded races have at all times been the most important actors, and there is no part of the body which on the whole they have shown more readiness to honor. Among many nations, and through many centuries, development of beard has been thought indicative of the development of strength, both bodily and mental. In strict accordance with that feeling the strength of Samson was made to rest in his hair. The beard became naturally honored, inasmuch as it is a characteristic feature of the chief of the two sexes (I speak as an ancient), of man, and of man only, in the best years of his life, when he is capable of putting forth his independent energies. As years multiply and judgment ripens the beard grows, and with it grows, or ought to grow, every man's title to respect. Gray beards became thus so closely connected with the idea of mature discretion, that they were taken often as its sign or cause; and thus it was fabled of the wise king Numa that he was gray-haired even in his youth.

To revert to the subject of shaving. Tacitus says that in his time the Germans cut their beards. In our times among that people the growth of a beard, or at least of a good *mystax* or mustache, had come by the year eighteen hundred and forty-eight to be regarded so much as a mark of aristocracy that after the revolutions of that year the Germans took to the obliteration of the vain mark of distinction by growing hair on their own chins and upper lips. Hairs have been thus made significant in a new way. There are now such things to

be seen on the Continent as revolutionary beards, and not long ago, in a small German state, a barrister was denied a hearing because he stood up in his place in the law court wearing a beard of the revolutionary cut. Not only custom, but even to this day law, regulates the cultivation of the hair on many of our faces. There is scarcely an army in Europe which is not subject to some regulations that affect the beard and whiskers. In England the chin and, except in some regiments, the upper lip have to be shaved; elsewhere the beard is to be cultivated and the whiskers shaven. Such matters may have their significance. The most significant of whiskers are, however, those worn by the Jews in the East, and especially in Africa, who, in accordance with a traditional superstition, keep them at an uniform level of about half an inch in length, and cut them into cabalistic characters curiously scattered about over the face.

As there are some communities especially bestowing care and honor on the beard, and others more devoted to the whiskers, so there are nations, as the Hungarians, in which the honor of the mustache is particularly cherished. The mustaches of General Haynau were about half-a-yard long. A Hungarian dragon who aspired to eminence in that way, and had nursed a pair of mustaches for two years until they were only second to Haynau's, fell asleep one day after dinner with a cigar in his mouth. He awoke with one of his fine nose-tails so terribly burnt at the roots, that he was obliged afterwards to resort to an art used by many of his companions, and to fortify the weak mustache by twining into its substance artificial hair.

Such freaks and absurdities are, of course, inconsistent with the mature dignity of bearded men. Let us have whisker, beard, and mustache, reverently worn, and trimmed discreetly and with decency. I am not for the cabalistic whisker, the Hungarian mustache, or a beard like that worn by the Venetian magnate, of whom Sismondi relates that if he did not lift it up, he would trip over it in walking. Still worse was the beard of the carpenter depicted in the Prince's Court at Eidam; who, because it was nine feet long, was obliged, when at work, to sling it about him in a bag. A beard like either of those is, however, very much of a phenomenon in nature. The hair of a man's head is finer, generally, than that on the head of women, and if left uncut, would not grow to nearly the same length. A woman's back-hair is an appurtenance entirely and naturally feminine. In the same way, the development of the hair upon the face of men, if left unchecked — although it would differ much in different climates, and in different individuals — would very rarely go on

to an extravagant extent. Shaving compels the hair to grow at an undue rate. It has been calculated that a man mows off in the course of a year about six inches-and-a-half of beard, so that a man of eighty would have chopped up in the course of his life a twenty-seven foot beard; twenty feet more, perhaps, than would have sprouted, had he left nature alone, and contented himself with so much occasional trimming as would be required by the just laws of cleanliness and decency.

It has been erroneously asserted that a growth of beard would cover up the face, hide the expression of the features, and give a deceitful mark of uniform sedateness to the entire population. As for that last assertion, it is the direct reverse of what is true. Sir Charles Bell, in his essay on expression, properly observes that no one who has been present at an assembly of bearded men can have failed to remark the greater variety and force of the expression they are able to convey. What can be more portentous, for example, than to see the brow cloud and the eyes flash and the nostrils dilate over a beard curling visibly with anger? How ill does a smooth chin support at any time the character assumed by the remainder of the face, except it be a character of sanctimonious oiliness that does not belong honestly to man, or such a pretty chin as makes the charm that should belong only to a woman or a child!

Therefore I ask, why do we shave our beards? Why are we a bare-chinned people? That the hair upon the face of man was given to him for sufficient reasons it will take but little time to show. It has various uses, physiological and mechanical. To take a physiological use first, we may point out the fact that the formation of hair is one method of extruding carbon from the system, and that the external hairs aid after their own way in the work that has to be done by the internal lungs. Their use in this respect is not lessened by shaving; on the contrary, the elimination of carbon through the hairs of the face is made to go on with unnatural activity, because the natural effort to cover the chin with hair is increased in the vain struggle to remove the state of artificial baldness, as a hen goes on laying if her eggs be taken from her, and the production of hair on the chin is at least quadrupled by the use of the razor. The natural balance is in this way destroyed. Whether the harm so done is great I cannot tell; I do not know that it is, but the strict balance which nature keeps between the production of hair, and the action of the lungs, is too constant and rigid to be altogether insignificant. We have all had too much opportunity for noticing how in people whose lungs are constitutionally weak, as in people with con-

sumptive tendencies, the growth of hair is excessive, even to the eyelashes. A skin covered with downy hair is one of the marks of a scrofulous child, and who has not been saddened by the charm of the long eyelashes over the lustrous eye of the consumptive girl!

The very anomalies of growth show that the hair must fulfil more than a trifling purpose in the system. There has been an account published in the present century by Ruggieri, of a woman, twenty-seven years of age, who was covered from the shoulders to the knees with black woolly hair, like that of a poodle dog. Very recently, a French physician has related the case of a young lady over whose skin, after a fever, hair grew so rapidly that, at the end of a month, she was covered with a hairy coat, an inch long, over every part of her body, except the face, the palms of the hands, and the soles of the feet.

There are other less curious accounts of women who are obliged to shave regularly once or twice a week; and it may be asked why are not all women compelled to shave? If beards and whiskers serve a purpose, why are they denied to women? That is a question certainly not difficult to answer. For the same reason that the rose is painted and the violet perfumed, there are assigned by nature to the woman attributes of grace heightened by physical weakness, and to the man attributes of dignity and strength. A thousand delicate emotions were to play about the woman's mouth, expressions that would not look beautiful in man. We all know that there is nothing more ridiculous to look at than a ladies' man who assumes femininity to please his huge body of sisters, and wins their confidence by making himself quite one of their own set. The character of woman's beauty would be marred by hair upon the face; moreover, what rest would there be ever for an infant on the mother's bosom tickled perpetually with a mother's beard? Not being framed for active bodily toil, the woman has not the man's capacious lungs, and may need also less growth of hair. But the growth of hair in women really is not much less than in the other sex. The hair upon a woman's head is, as a general rule, coarser, longer, and the whole mass is naturally heavier, than the hair upon the head of a man. Here, by the way, I should like to hint a question, whether since what is gained in one place seems to be lost in another, the increased growth at the chin produced by constant shaving may not help to account for some part of the weakness of hair upon the crown, and of the tendency to premature baldness which is so common in English civilized society!

The hair upon the scalp, so far as concerns its mechanical use, is no doubt the most

important of the hair-crops grown upon the human body. It preserves the brain from all extremes of temperature, retains the warmth of the body, and transmits very slowly any impression from without. The character of the hair depends very much upon the degree of protection needed by its possessor. The same hair—whether of head or beard—that is in Europe straight, smooth, and soft, becomes after a little travel in hot climates crisp and curly, and will become smooth again after a return to cooler latitudes. By a natural action of the sun's light and heat upon the hair that curliness is produced, and it is produced in proportion as it is required, until, as in the case of negroes under the tropical suns of Africa, each hair becomes so intimately curled up with its neighbors as to produce what we call a woolly head. All hair is wool, or rather all wool is hair, and the hair of the negro differs so much in appearance from that of the European, only because it is so much more curled, and the distinct hairs are so much more intimately intertwined. The more hair curls, the more thoroughly does it form a web in which a stratum of air lies entangled to maintain an even temperature on the surface of the brain. For that reason it is made a law of nature, that the hair should be caused to curl most in the hottest climates.

A protection of considerable importance is provided in the same way by the hair of the face to a large and important knot of nerves that lie under the skin near the angle of the lower jaw, somewhere about the point of junction between the whiskers and the beard. Man is born to work out of doors and in all weathers for his bread; woman was created for duties of another kind, which do not involve constant exposure to sun, wind, and rain. Therefore man only goes abroad whiskered and bearded, with his face muffled by nature in a way that shields every sensitive part alike from wind, rain, heat, or frost, with a perfection that could be equalled by no muffler of his own devising. The whiskerless seldom can bear long exposure to a sharp wind that strikes on the bare cheek. The numbness then occasioned by a temporary palsy of the nerves has in many cases become permanent; I will say nothing of aches and pains that otherwise affect the face or teeth. For man who goes out to his labor in the morning, no better summer shield or winter covering against the sun or storm can be provided, than the hair which grows over those parts of the face which need protection and descends as beard in front of the neck and chest, a defence infinitely more useful as well as more becoming than a cravat about the neck, or a prepared hareskin over the pit of the stomach. One of the finest living prose-writers in our language suffered for many years from sore throat,

which was incurable, until, following the advice of an Italian surgeon, he allowed his beard to grow; and Mr. Chadwick has pointed out the fact that the sappers and miners of the French army, who are all men with fine beards, are almost entirely free from affections of the lungs and air-passages.

Mr. Chadwick regards the subject entirely from a sanitary point of view. He brought it under the discussion of the medical section engaged on sanitary inquiries at the York meeting of the British Association, and obtained among other support the concurrence of Dr. W. P. Alison of Edinburgh. We name that physician because he has since persuaded the journeyman masons of his own city to wear their beards as a preventive against consumption that prevailed among them.

For that is another use of the mustache and beard. They protect the opening of the mouth, and filter the air for a man working in smoke or dust of any kind; they also act as a respirator, and prevent the inhalation into the lungs of air that is too frosty. Mr. Chadwick, years ago, was led to the discussion of this subject by observing how, in the case of some blacksmiths who wore beards and mustaches, the hair about the mouth was discolored by the iron dust that had been caught on its way into the mouth and lungs. The same observer has also pointed out and applied to his argument the fact that travellers wait, if necessary, until their mustaches have grown before they brave the sandy air of deserts. He conceives, therefore, that the absence of mustache and beard must involve a serious loss to laborers in dusty trades, such as millers and masons; to men employed in grinding steel and iron, and to travellers on dusty roads. Men who retain the hair about the mouth are also, he says, much less liable to decay, or aching of the teeth. To this list we would add, also, that apart from the incessant dust flying in town streets, and inseparable from town life, there is the smoke to be considered. Both dust and smoke do get into the lungs, and only in a small degree it is possible for them to be decomposed and removed by processes of life. The air-passages of a Manchester man, or of a resident in the city of London, if opened after death, are found to be more or less colored by the dirt that has been breathed. Perhaps it does not matter much; but surely we had better not make dustholes or chimney funnels of our lungs. Beyond a certain point this introduction of mechanical impurity into the delicate air-passages does cause a morbid irritation, marked disease, and premature death. We had better keep our lungs clean altogether, and for that reason men working in cities would find it always worth while to retain the air-filter supplied to them by nature

for the purpose—the mustache and beard around the mouth.

Surely enough has been here said to make it evident that the Englishman who, at the end of his days, has spent about an entire year of his life in scraping off his beard, has worried himself to no purpose, has submitted to a painful, vexatious, and not merely useless, but actually unwholesome, custom. He has disfigured himself systematically throughout life, accepted his share of unnecessary *tic-doloureux* and toothache, coughs and colds, has swallowed dust and inhaled smoke and fog out of complaisance to the social prejudice which happens just now to prevail. We all abominate the razor while we use it, and would gladly lay it down. Now, if we see clearly—and I think the fact is very clear—that the use of it is a great blunder, and if we are no longer such a slovenly people as to be afraid that, if we kept our beards, we should not wash, or comb, or trim them in a decent way, why can we not put aside our morning plague and irritate our skin no more as we do now?

I recommend nobody to grow a beard in such a way as to isolate himself in appearance from his neighbors. Moreover, I do not at all desire to bring about such a revolution as would make shaven chins as singular as bearded chins are now. What I should much prefer would be the old Roman custom, which preserved the first beard on a young man's face until it became comely, and then left it entirely a matter of choice with him whether he would remain bearded or not. Though it would be wise in an adult man to leave off shaving, he must not expect after ten or twenty years of scraping at the chin, when he has stimulated each hair into undue coarseness and an undue rapidity of growth, that he can ever realize upon his own person the beauty of a virgin beard. If we could introduce now a reform, we, that have been inured to shaving, may develop very good black beards, most serviceable for all working purposes, and a great improvement on bald chins; but the true beauty of the beard remains to be developed in the next generation on the faces of those who may be induced from the beginning to abjure the use of razors.

THE ROCKET (*eruca sativa*) is used in salad in Italy, though its smell is disagreeable, like rancid bacon; and in Holland the yellow stone-crop is eaten with lettuce.

THE garden CRESS was thought by the ancients to make those who ate it strong and brave; wherefore it was much used by gladiators.

From Chambers' Journal.

## AN INCIDENT OF MY CHILDHOOD.

"MABEL," said my aunt, facing me sternly, and speaking with solemn emphasis — "you are lowered forever in my eyes! When Mr. Ellison comes, he shall assuredly know of this. Go!" she added, with a gesture as if the sight of me were intolerable: "I shall never have confidence in you again."

I ran out of the room into the garden through the side-door, which always stood open in hot weather; but my cousins were at play on the lawn; so I flew on in the bitterness of my wounded spirit, until I found the shade and quiet I wanted under a large hoary apple-tree, which stood in the neighboring orchard. Under its spreading branches I threw myself down.

I have a vivid impression of the aspect and "feel" of that summer afternoon. The heat was intense; even the ground on which I lay seemed to burn the bare arms crossed beneath my humbled head. I knew there was not a grateful cloud in the radiant sky above me; I felt there was not a breath of wind stirring, not enough even to rustle the thick leaves of the orchard trees. The gairish brilliancy, the sultry stillness, oppressed me almost more than I could bear. If I could have hidden myself from the sight of the sun, if I could have cheated my own consciousness, I would have gladly done so. I will not believe the world held at that moment a more wretched being than I was, that any grown-up man or woman with developed faculties ever suffered more keenly from the pangs of self-contempt.

For, let me at once tell the reader, I was no victim of injustice or misconstruction; the words with which I had been driven from the house were justified by what I had done. I was fourteen years of age, I had been carefully and kindly educated, none knew better than I the differences between right and wrong; yet in spite of age, teaching, and the intellect's enlightenment, I had just been guilty of a gross moral transgression: I had been convicted of a falsehood; and, more than that, it was no impulsive lie escaping me in some exigency, but a deliberate one, and calculated to do another hurt. The whole house knew of it — servants, cousins, and all; the coming guest was to know of it too. My shame was complete. "What shall I do? what will become of me?" I cried aloud. "I shall never be happy again!"

It seemed so to me. I had lost my position in the house where I had been so favored and happy; I had compromised my character from that day henceforward. I, who had meant to do such good in the world, had lost my chance; for that sin clinging to my conscience, the remembrance of which I should read in everybody's face and altered

manner, would make effort impossible. My aunt had lost all confidence in me — that was terrible; what was worse, I had lost all confidence in myself. I saw myself, mean, ungenerous, a liar! I had no more self-respect. When my cousins whispered together about me, or the servants nodded and smiled significantly, I should have nothing to fall back upon. Why, I was what they thought me: I could not defy their contempt, but must take it as my due. I might get angry, but who would mind my anger? A thousand thoughts exasperated my anguish.

I was very fond of reading, and had a liking for heroic biographies. Noble actions, fine principles, always awoke a passionate enthusiasm in my mind, caused strong throbs of ambition, and very often my aunt had lent a kind ear to the outpouring of such emotions. The case would be altered now. I might read, indeed, but such feelings I must henceforth keep to myself: who would have patience to hear me thus expatiate? I was cut off from fellowship with the good.

I must give up, too, my little class at the village Sunday-school, which I had been so proud to undertake. How could I, despised at home, go among the children as before? I could never talk to them as I used to venture to do. They would know it, as all the world would know; they would mock me in their hearts — each feeling she was better than I. I rose up from the grass, for my state of mind would bear the prone attitude no longer, and leaning against the tree, looked around me. Oh! the merry games I had had in this orchard. The recollection brought a flood of bitter tears to my eyes — I had not cried before — for I was sure that time was past; I should never have another. "Never, never!" I cried, wringing my hands; "I shall never have the heart to play again, even if they would play with me. I am another girl now!"

In truth, my brief experience seemed to have oldened me, to have matured my faculties. I saw myself in a kind of vague confused vision as I might have been, as I could never now become. No; life was an altered thing from what it had appeared yesterday: I had its capabilities on the threshold. I could get a glimpse of the house through the trees; I could see the parlor windows where, within the shady room, tea was even now being prepared for the expected visitor. Ah! that visitor, with whom I used to be a favorite, who had always been so kind — he was now on his way with the same heart towards me, little knowing what had happened, little knowing I was lost and ruined!

Does this description of my state of mind, of my sense of guilt, seem overstrained? It is just possible I give a little more coherence to my reflections than they had at the time,

but I cannot color too highly the anguish of humiliation they produced: it was all but intolerable. "I suppose," said I moodily to myself, for a reaction was commencing—"I suppose I shan't always feel like this, or I should go mad. I shall get used to it presently—used to being miserable!"

Just then I heard my name shouted by one of my cousins, but I had not the heart to shout in answer. No doubt tea was ready, but I wanted no tea. Mr. Ellison might be come, but I dreaded to see him. My cousin called, and ran on towards the spot where I stood till he caught sight of me. He was hot with the search, and angry that I had not answered; moreover, what boy about his age, on the lustihood of a dozen summers, knoweth ought of tenderness or consideration? "There you are, miss," he said savagely, "and a pretty hunt I've had! You're to come in to tea; and another time don't give better people the trouble of fetching you: they don't like it, I can tell you."

He was just off again, eager for his meal, but I stopped him. "Bob, is Mr. Ellison come?" I cried.

"Hours ago; and he and mother have been shut up ever so long talking about you, I know; and don't 'Bob' me, please, Miss Mabel; I don't like it!"

My spirit swelled. Was this to be the way? One touch of rough boyish kindness, and I could almost have kissed his feet; now I walked back to the house with a bitter "I won't care" swelling at my heart.

I may as well say here, though scarcely necessary to the moral of my story, that I was an adopted child in the large family of my aunt. She was a widow, and had been so ever since I had lived with her; and I, as will be supposed, was an orphan. She had in her own right a good income, though she only held in trust for her eldest son the substantial manor-farm on which we resided. I was not poor; indeed, I was in some sort an heiress; and Mr. Ellison, my aunt's honored friend and her husband's executor, was joint-guardian over me with herself. I had been brought up to fear and reverence him; he had taught me to love him. My degradation in his eyes was the bitterest drop in my self-mixed cup.

As I entered the hall, my aunt came out to meet me, and took me with her into another room. "Mabel," she said, "you are to take your place at the table with us as usual for the present. I have spoken to your guardian about you, but I scarcely know what we may finally decide upon in the matter. You are too old to be whipped or sent to bed; but though you are to be suffered to come amongst us, I need not say we shall never feel for you as we once did, or if we seem to do so, it will be because we forget. Your sin justifies a

constant mistrust; for my part, I can never think of you as before under any circumstances, I am afraid. I don't think I ought, even if it were possible. But now, come in to tea."

"I want no tea," said I bitterly. "I can't see Mr. Ellison. Oh! need he have known it?"

"Mabel," was the answer, "it would have been better had you feared the lie as you fear its discovery."

I sat down on a chair, and leaned my head on a table near. I had not a word to say for myself, or against the treatment adopted. My aunt was a woman of severe rectitude, and had brought us all up with deep solicitude, and, I believe, prayerful care. She thought lying an almost unpardonable sin, for she looked upon it as a proof of nearly hopeless moral depravity; and my falsehood had been an aggravated one. Many, with a less strict sense of my delinquency, might have been more severe. I could not blame her. "At least," I said, "you won't make me come in!"

"No," she returned, and went back to the parlor.

I went up stairs to my bedroom, where I spent the rest of the evening. No inquiries were made after me. When it grew dark, I undressed and threw myself into bed. I offered no prayer for God's forgiveness; mine was not so much penitence as remorse. Had I been a man who had blasted his prospects in life by the commission of some deadly sin, I could scarcely have felt more morally lost, more hopeless about the future. My aunt had represented my sin in appalling colors, and my whole previous education and turn of mind made me feel its turpitude strongly: the possibility of repairing it had not been urged upon me, but rather denied. I thought it would color and prejudice my whole after-life, that I had lost caste forever.

I scarcely slept at all, and got up mentally sick, physically worn out. I dared not stay away from the breakfast-table, so I made haste to be first down stairs. The windows of our pleasant morning-room were open; there had been rain during the night, and it was one of those fresh laughing mornings which I felt I should have so enjoyed once. Once! yes, it was a long time ago. The whole aspect of the apartment within, of refreshed nature without, had an eminently pleasant effect; or, rather, I thought it would have to other eyes. I took a seat in the shade; I had a dim idea (I knew not whether it were hope or dread) that Mr. Ellison might come in before the others; but he did not. He and my aunt came in together, and they were closely followed by the children.

He was a man of about fifty years of age, with a figure and countenance which, in youth, might have been handsome, but which had

suffered too severely from what I suppose were the effects of time to be so now. He had, too, an air of gravity and reticence, which rather oppressed a stranger unacquainted with the minute sympathies, the comprehensive benevolence it veiled.

He came up to me where I sat dejected and humbled, and held out his hand. To my surprise, and, I may say, to my exquisite pain, he spoke to me much as usual, I could almost have thought more tenderly than usual. I dared not look up as I murmured my inaudible answer. My aunt gave me a chilling "good morning;" my young cousins looked at me shyly, but did not speak. No one spoke to me during breakfast except my guardian, and he only in connection with the courtesies of the table; and not being able to bear this, I crept out of the room as soon as I dared. It was the same at every other meal; and all the intervals between I spent alone, unsought, unquestioned, suffering a fiery trial. I don't dwell on the details of my experience that day; I have suffered much since, but, God knows, never more. However, as may be supposed, I slept a little that night, for nature would bear up no longer.

The next day came; breakfast had passed as before, and, as before, I was stealing out of the room, when my guardian called me back.

"If you want to talk to Mabel," said my aunt, "I will leave you alone together."

But Mr. Ellison begged earnestly that she would remain, and, to my bitter regret, she consented. I felt now there would be no hope for me. He then placed a chair for me, and coming up to where I stood sinking with shame near the door, led me gently to it. "You are too forbearing, my dear sir," urged my aunt: "she is not any longer entitled to such kindness."

"Is she not?" he returned with a bitter sigh; and then addressing me: "Mabel, are you truly sorry for this sin of yours?"

The accent of generous sympathy with which the words were spoken wrought upon me. "Sorry!" I cried in an agony; "I'm miserable; I shall always be miserable! Every one will despise me all my life long — and oh, I meant to be so good!"

My guardian took a seat beside me. "And now," he asked, "you will give up trying?"

I looked up eagerly. "Where would be the use?" I said. "A liar" — the word seemed to burn my lips, but I would say it, for I half feared he did not know the worst — "loses her character once and forever. No one will trust me again, no one can respect me. O, it's dreadful!" I shuddered instinctively.

"Then what is to follow?" asked Mr. Ellison. "Is all effort to be given up, and this dark spot to spread till it infects your whole character? Are all duties to be neglected

because you have failed in one? and are you to live on, perhaps to fourscore, incapacitated by this selfish remorse? Not so, Mabel!"

"Pardon my interrupting you, Mr. Ellison," interposed my aunt; "but this is scarcely the way to treat my niece. You will make her think lightly of the dreadful sin she has committed; she will fancy her compunction extreme, whereas no repentance can be sufficient. Don't try to soften her present impression. I would have her carry with her to the grave the salutary sense she seems to have of what she has done."

"I too," said my guardian fervently, "would teach her a lesson she should never forget, but it would be differently put from yours. Before God, I grant you, no amount of penitence would suffice to procure that atonement which is freely given on wider grounds; but as regards her relations to her fellow-beings, to her future life, Mabel argues wrong; men in general, the world at large, you yourself, my dear madam, appear to me to argue wrong on this subject."

My aunt colored. "Pardon me," she said stiffly; "I think we cannot understand each other."

"Perhaps," said my guardian, "I have misunderstood you; but if you will suffer a direct question, it will settle the point. Suppose that, in the future, Mabel's conduct should be exemplary, would you fully restore her to the place she once held in your esteem?"

I looked anxiously towards my aunt; the question was a momentous one to me. She seemed to reflect.

"It is painful to say it," she replied at length; "but I must be conscientious. In such a case, Mabel would in a great measure regain my esteem; but to expect me to feel for her as I did before she had so deeply injured her moral nature, seems unreasonable. She can never be exactly to me what she was before."

"And you think, doubtless, that she is right in considering that this youthful sin will impair her future capacity for good?"

"I think," answered my aunt, "that it is the penalty attached to all sin, that it should keep us low and humble through life. The comparatively clear conscience will be better fitted for good deeds than the burdened."

There was a pause; my heart had sunk again. Mr. Ellison rose and began to walk up and down the floor.

"Suppose a case, madam," he said presently, and in a constrained tone — "where an honorable man, under strong temptation, has committed a dishonorable action; or a merciful man, a cruel; have they marred life, and must they go softly all the rest of their days? Must they leave to other men the fulfilment of high duties, the pursuit and achievement of moral excellence? Would you think it un-

seemly if, at any after-period, you heard the one urging on some conscience the necessity of rectitude, or the other advocating the beauty of benevolence? or must they, conscious that their transgression has lowered them forever, never presume to hold themselves erect again?"

"My dear Mr. Ellison," said my aunt, looking with surprise at my guardian, who had certainly warmed into unusual energy — "I think we are wandering from the point. Such a discussion as this will not do Mabel any good, but rather harm, if I understand you to mean that we are not materially affected by our transgressions. It is a strange doctrine, sir, and a very dangerous one."

"My dear friend," returned my guardian gently, "far be it from me to say that our transgressions do not materially affect us! I do not want to gainsay your view of the life-long humility which a human being should feel for a criminal act; but I would introduce hope, and not despair, into his mind. I don't think the plan on which society goes of judging the character of a man from individual acts or single aberrations is just; very often such acts are not fair representations of the life or even the nature of the man. They show, indeed, what he was at that moment; but it may be that never before or since in his existence did he or will he experience such another. Yet perhaps he is condemned by the world, and shunned as a lost character. How bitterly hard for that man to do his duty in life!"

"No doubt," said my aunt, "it does bear hard in particular cases; but it is the arrangement of Providence that the way of transgressors is hard."

"I am not speaking," returned my guardian, "of the habitual transgressor, but of one who, like Mabel here, thinks life spoiled by a single act of moral evil, and is treated as if it were so. You speak of Providence," he continued with a smile; "an instance rises to my mind where an aggravated sin was committed, and yet the sinner, far from being doomed to obscurity and life-long remorse, was spared all reproof save that of his agonized conscience, was distinguished above others, called to God's most sacred service, elected to the glory of martyrdom. If remorse were in any case justifiable, if any sin should unfit man for rising above it or for doing good in his generation, surely it would have been in Peter's case. But we know that story. My dear madam"—and Mr. Ellison, laying his hand on my head, looked appealingly towards my aunt — "I desire to speak reverently; but think you, after Christ's charge, even John, Abdiel-like disciple as he was, ever presumed to say or feel that he could never esteem or look upon Peter as he once did? This is what is forbidden us—to look upon men as

fallen below their chance of recovery."—My aunt was silent, but I could see she was impressed. As for me, I felt as if a load were being slowly lifted off my heart, and it swelled with a passionate aspiration to recover, with God's help, my former standing, and press on in the upward way. And would I not, through life, be tender and merciful to the penitent wrong-doer?—"If I speak warmly on this subject," continued my guardian, "it is because my own experience furnishes me with a proof of how low an honorable man may fall, and how far the magnanimity, or rather justice, I have been advocating may enable him to rise again, and try and work out towards his fellow-men—I know he cannot do so towards God—reparation for his offence. May I tell you a short story?"

"Certainly," said my aunt; but she looked uneasily towards me.

"Let Mabel stay and hear me," said Mr. Ellison; "the lesson is for her to learn, and my story will do her no harm."

He took a few turns through the room, as if collecting his thoughts, and then began. If my readers wonder that, at fourteen, my memory retained the details of such a conversation, let me explain, that many times since then has this subject been renewed and discussed by my guardian and me.

"Many years back," said Mr. Ellison, "I knew two friends. They were young men of very different character, but, for ought I know, that might have been the secret of their attachment. The elder, whom, for distinction's sake, I will call Paul, was of a thoughtful, reserved turn of mind. He was given a good deal to speculations about the moral capacities and infirmities of his own nature and that of his race, and had a deep inward enthusiasm for what he conceived to be goodness and virtue; and I will do him the justice to say, he strove so far as in him lay to act up to his convictions. The younger—we will call him Clement—was of a lighter temper. Generous, frank, and vivacious, he was a far more general favorite than his friend; but yet, when men of experience spoke on the subject, they said, the one was, no doubt, the most lovable, but the other the most trustworthy. Well—for I do not wish to make a long story of it—Clement, who had no secrecies from his friend, had made him long ago the confidant of a strong but unfortunate attachment of his. Unfortunate, I say; not but that the lady was eminently worthy, but, alas! she was rich, and he but a brief-hunting barrister. Clement had a chivalrous sense of honor, and had never shown sign or uttered word of love, though he confessed he had a vague, secret hope that the girl returned his feeling. He blushed, however, like a woman when he made this admission, and would fain have gainsaid it as presumption

the moment after. He rather unwisely, but most naturally, still visited at the house, where the parents, suspecting nothing, received him cordially; and at length he ventured to introduce Paul there too, in order that his friend might judge for himself of the perfections of his mistress.

"It is not necessary to describe the daughter; suffice it to say, Paul found in her person and character not only enough to justify Clement's choice, but to excite in his own mind a passion of a strength corresponding with the silent energy of his character. He kept his secret, and heard Clement talk of his love with the patience of a friend, while secretly he had to contend with the jealousy of a lover. But he did contend against it, and strove to master himself; for apart from what honor and friendship enjoined, he saw plainly that Eleanor favored the unexpressed, but with a woman's keenness, half-guessed love of Clement. He forbore to visit at the house, in spite of the double welcome his relation to Clement and his own social position — for Paul was rich — had obtained for him there. Time passed, and Paul was still at war with an unconquered weakness, when Clement got an appointment in India. 'Before you go,' said Paul to him, 'you will speak to Eleanor?'

"No," said Clement, after painful deliberation; the chances of my success are still doubtful; when I have proved them, and can satisfy her parents, I will write.'

"You may lose her through your over-scrupulousness."

"I may," said Clement, 'but if she loves me, she has read my heart, and I can trust her.'

"Clement, therefore, took his secret to India with him, and Paul was left at home to fight with a gigantic temptation. I need not go into the subtleties it assumed; but for a long time he was proof against them. He would not sacrifice honor and friendship, the strength of a good conscience, and the principles he revered, to selfish passion and inclination. One evening, however, he yielded to a weakness he had several times overcome, and went to the house. He said to himself he would see how she bore Clement's absence. Eleanor received him with a kindness she had never shown before. Her parents politely hoped, when he rose to leave, that they were not to lose his society as well as Clement's. That night cast the die. 'I love her,' said Paul to himself; 'Clement does no more. I have the same right as he to be happy.' Madam," added Mr. Ellison abruptly, "you guess what followed. Paul, with his keen sense of rectitude, his ambitious aspirations, yielded, and fell."

My guardian paused. My whole girl's heart was in his story; I forgot my humbled

position, and exclaimed eagerly; "But did Eleanor love him?"

Mr. Ellison looked at me quickly, and then half-smiled. The smile was a relief to me, for it brought back the usual expression which he had lost during the telling of this story. "You shall hear," he resumed presently. "Paul having decided to act a fraudulent and unworthy part, used all his powers to gain his object. 'Honor and self-respect I have lost,' he said; 'love and gratification I must have.' It was a terrible period that followed. The suit he urged with such untiring zeal seemed to gain slow favor with Eleanor. Her parents were already his supporters; and with the irritating hopes and fears of an ardent but baffled lover, were mixed the stinging agonies of remorse and shame. Clement's periodical letters, long since unanswered, were now unread; to him, such as he now was, they were not addressed — that sweet friendship was buried along with his youth's integrity. I will not linger," said my guardian hurriedly. "Paul won the prize which he had sought at such a cost; Eleanor's consent was gained, and the marriage-day was appointed. I don't think even then he so deceived himself as to think he was happy. Moments of tumultuous emotion, of feverish excitement, that he misnamed joy, he had, but his blessedness had escaped him. Not only his conscience told him was Clement defrauded, but Eleanor was deceived. To hear her express at any time indignant scorn of what was base or mean, was a moral torture so exquisitely acute that only those can conceive it who have stooped to a like degradation. A night or two before the day fixed for the wedding, Paul went as usual to her house. Just before he took his leave, Eleanor left the room and returned with a letter. There was a glow on her cheek as she gave it. 'I have long determined,' she said, 'to have no momentous secrets from him who is to be my husband; it will be better for you to know this.'

"He took the letter. I see you guess the sequel; it was from Clement. It told the story of his long silent love, for he was now in a position to satisfy his own scruples and tell it. With the fear upon his mind that even now his treasure might escape him, Paul clung to it more tenaciously than ever; passion smothered remorse. 'Well,' he asked, looking at her almost fiercely, 'does the secret go no further?'

"Very little further, Paul," said Eleanor gravely. 'I loved Clement once, but I thought he trifled with me; were it not now honorably too late — I love you now.'

"Paul felt a sudden impulse to confess the whole truth, but it was transient. He had felt many such an impulse before, but had conquered it; should he on the eve of posses-

sion, with that assurance in his ears, yield now!"

"But, Mr. Ellison," I cried interrupting him with the matter-of-fact sagacity of a child, "didn't it seem strange to Eleanor that Paul had told Clement nothing about his engagement?"

"Ah, Mabel," sighed my guardian, "no great sin but has its lesser ones. Long since, Paul had found it necessary to tell Eleanor a false story concerning his present suspension of intercourse with Clement."

I think this absolute lie of Paul's touched my aunt as sensibly as any point in the history, for she broke silence. "And what," she said, "was the end of this wretched young man's history? Are you going to tell us we must not despise him?"

"One moment longer," urged my guardian, "and you shall pass your judgment. Paul married Eleanor; you are surprised? Alas! poetical justice is not the rule of this life. Yet why do I say alas! has it not a higher rule? He married her then, each loved the other, but Paul was a miserable man. His friends noticed it; naturally then his wife; but he kept his secret: no wonder months wrought upon him the effect of years. Nevertheless, he neglected his duties — he had no heart for them; self-contempt, a bitter remorse, cankered every aspiration, enfeebled effort, sapped and destroyed his capabilities. Life slipped wasted through his fingers. I could not," said Mr. Ellison, "give you an idea what he suffered, but I believe he was at this time deeply mistaken, increasingly criminal. If a man's sin be black as hell — and his was black — remorse cannot mend it; so long as he lives, life requires duties and effort from him; let him not think he is free to spend it in this selfish absorption."

"True," said my aunt; "but let him not expect, even though he strive to rise and partially succeed, that he is to be respected as a worthier man."

"A year passed," resumed my guardian, without heeding the remark, "and Clement returned to England. Originally, he had a noble soul: sanctifying sorrow had made him great. He inquired after his former friend, wrote to him, assuring him he could meet Eleanor now with the calmness of friendship; and forced himself upon him. I say forced, for, naturally, Clement was to Paul an accusing angel. An agonized retribution was at hand for the latter; Eleanor died in her first confinement, after but a few hours' illness; her infant even died before her. In this extremity, well was it for Paul that Clement was at hand; in his overwhelming grief, the past seemed cancelled; he could claim and endure his friend's magnanimous tenderness. When he recovered from this stroke, he roused himself to a new existence. Clement

had succeeded in convincing him of his forgiveness, of his continued friendship even. 'After the first shock of feeling,' he said, 'the thought of what a nature like yours must suffer, which had been tempted to such an act, changed, slowly, I grant, but still changed, resentment into sympathy. For my own consolation, I studied the New Testament; it has taught me lessons which I think, Paul, you as well as I have missed. I won't insult you by dwelling on my free pardon; if it is worthy of acknowledgment, put your hand once more to the plough, labor for the welfare of others, and so work out your own.' He argued against remorse, and urged the considerations which I have brought more feebly forward, with such effect, that Paul laid them to heart, and strove to test their truth. With God's forgiveness sought and obtained, and that of the man he had injured — with principles drawn from a deeper and diviner source than he had known before — with a spirit humbled but not crushed, he proved that life still lay before him as a field for honorable and remunerative labor. I believe his friend respected him more in this second stage of his experience than before; I know he did not respect him less. Will any other presume to do so?" asked Mr. Ellison, approaching my aunt. "My dear friend, wonder not at my tenderness to Mabel; that is the salutary result of so severe an experience; it is my own story I have told."

I think my aunt must have guessed the truth ere this, for she made no immediate answer. I was silent with astonishment. My guardian turned and looked at me. "Mabel," he said earnestly, "let me not have humbled myself before you in vain. God preserve you from sinning against your own nature and Him; but where you fall, God give you grace and strength to rise and strive again. And grant me this too, my child; in after-life you may have much influence; for my sake, for your own experience of suffering and shame, be merciful to the wrong-doer. Make it one of your duties to help the fallen, even though she be a woman, and convince her that all is not lost in one false step. God provides against his creature's remorse — shall man be less merciful to his brother?"

"Mr. Ellison," said my aunt, "the life of effort and self-denial you have led condemns my severity. I have been too harsh; but I must seriously review this argument. Mabel come here!" — I approached her timidly; she drew me nearer. — "One must still repent before they can be pardoned," she said; "but I think you do repent, Mabel!"

My tears flowed. "Aunt, forgive me," I whispered; "I am sorry indeed. I don't like to say it, but I think I shall never tell a lie again!"

She kissed me, and rose up; there were

tears in her eyes. "Let it be, then, as though it had never been, except to teach you Mr. Ellison's lesson," she said. She then approached my guardian. "I knew not," she added in a softened tone, and holding out her hand with an air of respect, "how much you lost some years ago by Clement's death. Henceforth, you and I will be better friends."

Mr. Ellison pressed her hand in silence; I saw he could not speak; I had an instinct

that he would wish to be alone, so I followed my aunt quickly out of the room.

She turned kindly round, and despatched me on some message as of old; I felt I was forgiven! Before fulfilling it, I ran into my room, and shut the door; then kneeling down by the bedside, I prayed as I had not before done, with softened heart and contrite tears, for God's forgiveness.

Those few hours have influenced a lifetime.

From Notes and Queries.

#### BISHOP KEN AND SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

TURNING to Bishop Ken, I would observe that, in his excellent life of this prelate, Mr. Anderdon has given the three well-known hymns "word for word," as first penned. These, Mr. A. tells us, are found, for the first time, in the copy of the *Manual of Prayers for the Use of the Winchester Scholars*, printed in 1700. The bishop's versions vary so very materially from those to which we have been accustomed from childhood, that these original copies are very interesting. Indeed, within five years after their first appearance, and during the author's life, material changes were made, several of which are retained to the present hour. It must be admitted that some of the stanzas, as they first came from the bishop's pen, are singularly rugged and inharmonious, almost justifying the request made by the lady to Byron (as I have stated elsewhere\*), "to revise and polish the bishop's poems." How came these hymns, so far the most popular of his poetical works, to be omitted by Hawkins in his collected edition of the poems, printed in 4 vols., 1721?

My present object is to call your attention to a "Midnight Hymn," by Sir Thomas Browne, which will be found in his works (vol. ii., p. 113, edit. Wilkin). Can there be a question that to it Ken is indebted for some of the thoughts and expressions in two of his own hymns?

The good bishop's fame will not be lessened by his adopting what was good in the works of the learned physician. He doubtless thought far more of the benefit which he could render to the youthful Wykehamists, than of either the originality or smoothness of his own verses.

#### SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

While I do rest, my soul advance;  
Make my sleep a holy trance;  
That I may, my rest being wrought,  
Awake into some holy thought,  
And with an active vigor run  
My course, as does the nimble sun.

\* Sketch of Bishop Ken's Life, p. 107.

Sleep is a death; O make me try,  
By sleeping, what it is to die!  
And as gently lay my head  
On my grave, as now my bed.

These are my drowsy days; in vain  
I do now wake to sleep again.  
O come that hour when I shall never  
Sleep again, but wake forever!

Guard me 'gainst those watchful foes,  
Whose eyes are open while mine close;  
Let no dreams my head infest,  
But such as Jacob's temples blest.

#### BISHOP KEN.

Awake, my soul, and with the sun  
Thy daily stage of duty run.

Teach me to live that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed.

O when shall I in endless day  
Forever chase dark sleep away,  
And endless praise with th' heavenly choir,  
Incessant sing and never tire!

You, my blest Guardian, whilst I sleep,  
Close to my bed your vigils keep?  
Divine love into me instil,  
Stop all the avenues of ill.

Thought to thought with my soul converse,  
Celestial joys to me rehearse;  
And in my stead, all the night long,  
Sing to my God a grateful song.

In the work referred to — one of the most valuable and best edited of modern days — Mr. Wilkin, when speaking of a fine passage on music in the *Religio Medici* (vol. ii., p. 106), asks whether it may not have suggested to Addison the beautiful conclusion of his Hymn on the Glories of Creation:

What tho' in solemn silence, all, &c.

This passage in Sir Thomas Browne appears forcibly to have struck the gifted author of *Confessions of an English Opium-eater* (see p. 106 of that work). J. H. MARKLAND.

From the Spectator.

# LIFE IN THE CLEARINGS V. THE BUSH.\*

THIS title is rather inaccurate. Mrs. Moodie's new work does not present the same practical picture of daily life and family adventure among gentleman colonists, who have been wise enough to settle upon a cleared farm with plenty of neighbors in a similar position, as her *Roughing it in the Bush* exhibited of the struggles of a half-pay officer in attempting the part of a backwoodsman and clearing the forest himself. Something of Canadian life among the better classes in or near towns is delineated, and descriptions are given of Kingston and Toronto. In an account of Belleisle, where Mrs. Moodie resides, the reader is presented with a view of the changes which a few years make in Upper Canada in a settlement that succeeds; and many sketches of colonial manners and amusements are found in the volume. As a whole, however, *Life in the Clearings* wants spontaneity and a sense of reality. There is too much of digression and disquisition—as in an article on Wearing Mourning for the Dead, and another on Education. Tales, rather laid in America than closely illustrative of the writer's avowed object, and partaking too much of the common magazine story, are introduced. They want closeness, strength, and dramatic character.

The effort of the writer to impart connection to her papers has contributed to give the book something of the made-up character it undoubtedly possesses. The framework is a voyage on Lake Ontario and the Niagara river from the writer's residence to the Falls. As long as the articles introduced are directly connected with the journey—as the districts or the cities on the banks of the lake, which the steamer sees or calls at—the description is appropriate. When night or some other interruption is made an excuse for spinning a yarn or introducing a discussion, the artificial character of the scheme is too apparent. It would have been better to limit the book directly to the voyage, or to have published the papers as what they are—a series of tales and sketches relating to Canada.

Although *Life in the Clearings* is not entitled to take high rank either as a book usefully informing respecting a new country or as a production of pure belles lettres, some useful information will be found in it, and a good deal of light and pleasant reading respecting Canadian life and manners. The following, however, is not a pleasant picture of the rising generation's contempt for age. Mrs. Moodie is inclined to ascribe it in part to the intellectual difference between the old colonists, who have come from the British

Isles without education, and their children, whom the gains of their parents have educated. It may be so, although that does not say much for the sort of education given in Canada; but the same thing takes place in the United States, where the remark does not apply.

Tired and ill, I was glad to lie down in one of the berths in the ladies' cabin to rest, and, if possible, to obtain a little sleep. This I soon found was out of the question. Two or three noisy, spoiled children kept up a constant din; and their grandmother, a very nice-looking old lady, who seemed nurse-general to them all, endeavored in vain to keep them quiet. Their mother was reading a novel, and took it very easy; reclining on a comfortable sofa, she left her old mother all the fatigue of taking care of the children and waiting upon herself.

This is by no means an uncommon trait of Canadian character. In families belonging more especially to the middle class, who have raised themselves from a lower to a higher grade, the mother, if left in poor circumstances, almost invariably holds a subordinate position in her wealthier son or daughter's family. She superintends the servants, and nurses the younger children; and her time is occupied by a number of minute domestic labors, that allow her very little rest in her old age.

I have seen the grandmother in a wealthy family ironing the fine linen, or broiling over the cook-stove, while her daughter held her place in the drawing room.

Age in Canada is seldom honored. You would imagine it almost a crime for any one to grow old—with such slighting, cold indifference are the aged treated by the young and strong. It is not unusual to hear a lad speak of his father, perhaps in the prime of life, as the "old fellow," the "old boy," and to address a gray-haired man in this disrespectful and familiar manner. This may not be apparent to the natives themselves, but it never fails to strike every stranger that visits the colony.

To be a servant is a lot sufficiently hard—to have all your actions dictated to you by the will of another—to enjoy no rest or recreation but such as is granted as a very great favor; but to be a humble dependent in old age on children, to whom all the best years of your life were devoted with all the energy of maternal love, must be sad indeed. But they submit with great apparent cheerfulness, and seem to think it necessary to work for the shelter of a child's roof, and the bread they eat.

"You are wrong, sir, it is not so"—"Mamma, that is not true; I know better," are expressions which I have heard with painful surprise from young people in this country; and the parents have sunk into silence, evidently abashed at the reproof of an insolent child.

As in the United States, and all new colonies where life is frequently risked and time is too much occupied to be given to reflection, death is little thought of. In the following anecdotes, the unsophisticated Ca-

\* *Life in the Clearings versus the Bush*. By Mrs. Moodie, Author of "*Roughing it in the Bush*," &c. Published by Bentley.

nadians appear not to have learned to affect the solemn on appropriate occasions.

It is certain that death is looked upon by many Canadians more as a matter of business, and a change of property into other hands, than as a real domestic calamity. I have heard people talk of the approaching dissolution of their nearest ties with a calm philosophy which I never could comprehend. "Mother is old and delicate; we can't expect her to last long," says one. "My brother's death has been looked for these several months past; you know he's in the consumption." My husband asked the son of a respectable farmer, for whom he entertained an esteem, how his father was, for he had not seen him for some time. "I guess," was the reply, "that the old man's fixing for the other world." Another young man, being asked by my friend, Captain —, to spend the evening at his house, replied — "No, can't — much obliged; but I'm afeared that grandfather will give the last kicks while I'm away."

From Notes and Queries.

#### A POEM BY SHELLEY, NOT IN HIS WORKS.

THE following poem was published in a South Carolina newspaper in the year 1839. The person who communicates it states that it was among the papers of a deceased friend, in a small packet, endorsed "A letter and two poems written by Shelley the poet, and lent to me by Mr. Trelawney in 1823. I was prevented from returning them to him, for which I am sorry, since this is the only copy of them — they have never been published." Upon this poem was written, "Given to me by Shelley, who composed it as we were sailing one evening together."

##### THE CALM.

Hush! hark! the Triton calls  
From his hollow shell,  
And the sea is as smooth as a well:  
For the winds and the waves  
In wild order form,  
To rush to the halls  
And the crystal-roofed caves  
Of the deep, deep ocean,  
To hold consultation  
About the next storm.

The moon sits on the sky  
Like a swan sleeping  
On the stilly lake:  
No wild breath to break  
Her smooth massy light  
And ruffle it into beams:

The downy clouds droop  
Like moss upon a tree,  
And in the earth's bosom grope  
Dim vapors and streams.  
The darkness is weeping,  
O, most silently!  
Without audible sigh  
All is noiseless and bright.

Still 't is living silence here,  
Such as fills not with fear.  
Ah, do you not hear.

A humming and purring  
All about and about?  
'T is from souls let out,  
From their day-prisons freed,  
And joying in release,  
For no slumber they need.

Shining through this veil of peace  
Love now pours her omnipresence,  
And various nature  
Feels through every feature  
The joy intense,  
Yet so passionless,  
Passionless and pure;  
The human mind restless  
Long could not endure.

But hush while I tell,  
As the shrill whispers flutter  
Through the pores of the sea —  
Whatever they utter  
I'll interpret to thee.

King Neptune now craves  
Of his turbulent vassals  
Their workings to quell;  
And the billows are quiet,  
Though thinking on riot.  
On the left and the right  
In ranks they are coiled up,  
Like snakes on the plain;  
And each one has rolled up  
A bright flashing streak  
Of the white moonlight  
On his glassy green neck;  
On every one's forehead  
There glitters a star,  
With a hairy train  
Of light floating from afar,  
And pale or fiery red.  
Now old Æolus goes

To each muttering blast  
Scattering blows;  
And some he binds fast  
In hollow rocks vast,  
And others he gags  
With thick heavy foam.  
'Twing them round  
The sharp rugged crags  
That are sticking out near,  
Growls he, "for fear  
They all should rebel,  
And so play hell."  
Those that he bound,  
Their prison-walls grasp,  
And through the dark gloom  
Scream fierce and yell;  
While all the rest gasp,  
In rage fruitless and vain.  
Their shepherd now leaves them  
To howl and to roar —  
Of his presence bereaves them,  
To feed some young breeze  
On the violet odor,  
And to teach it on shore  
To rock the green trees.  
But no more can be said  
Of what was transacted  
And what was enacted  
In the heaving abodes  
Of the great sea-gods.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

## DINING OUT FOR THE PAPERS.

BY W. A. R. RUSSELL.

I was sitting in my attic, very high indeed, up a collegiate Jacob's ladder, in St. John's, Cam. My pipe and fire had gone out together. The festivities of Grouter's party on the other side of the quadrangle, as they celebrated the wranglership of that worthy, but intense, "old stupid," sounded through my dreary domicile.

I, too, had run my academic race; but alas! I had been distanced — beaten from the very start. I had worked hard, to be sure, for many years; but the conviction settled slowly down on me that I could not do it. I never got on well at lecture — the Reverend Jack Lupus was always down on me (I was n't on his side, it is true, but then he changed sides to have a full opportunity for a cut at me). Proctors were always taking me up on suspicion, and discharging me with apologies; — the proctoring became known — the apologies were never heard of. I used now and then to take a quiet pull from Logan's to Chesterton. It was forthwith hinted I was always on the water instead of reading; and once having been found in a secluded walk with a cigar in my mouth, I was made the theme of an eloquent discourse by Gubbins, our tutor, who got so confused between King James' "Counterblast to Tobacco" (from which he quoted copiously), the Apocalypse and Gregory the Ninth, that he identified one with the other at last, and never got right, all through his sermon; which had, however, the effect of damaging me greatly with the "heads of houses." But the thing that decided my fate was my inability to pay the reverend driver — our crack "coach" — the fee necessary to come out in honors. I say this without disrespect to anybody — even to the reverend driver, the coach — he was awfully slow, but dreadfully sure, that's certain. I don't mean to assert that fees are demanded for honors by the authorities — far from it — but just go to Cambridge, and get honors without a coach, or get a coach without paying for that pleasant mode of classical and mathematical locomotion, and then — why then — I'll engage to give you one of the new East India cadetships, when they are thrown open to public competition. Public schoolmen do it sometimes; sometimes, too, men tie wet towels round their heads every night for years, and "read" till their brains are as limp and watery as the flax outside their skulls, make a dash at first class wranglership, get either or both, and then quietly retire into some hole or corner to die in their laurels. But as a rule, the coaches are the boys — I could not afford a coach — I could not read continuously — for, on the sly,

I gave lessons to some pupils, one so fair — so (but I'll tell you about her another day); and besides, I do believe I was stupid. At all events, there I was, *Artium Baccalaureus*. My "great-go" passed, and the world, that very extensive and variegated prospect, before me. I was not fit for the church, for the law, or for the dispensary. It is an awfully abrupt thing when, at two-and-twenty, a young gentleman, without any money, is told, "Now, my dear fellow, go forth and make your fortune," or when he has to ask himself, "What the deuce am I to do now?" I felt it so, I can assure you. There was Grouter; now, as sure as fate, he'll be a bishop, or, if very ill treated, a dean. He is heavy and honorable — ponderous, upright, and philosophical to a degree — a hard-working sizar, whom Mr. Sine, our crack tutor, coached up for the glory of his "side," and to uphold "John's," against her snubby neighbor, Trinity. But he is made to get on; and the Earl of Grampound, a great whig peer, has already engaged him at a fabulous stipend to make the grand tour with Lord Sarum; and as he is a tremendous Grecian, he is safe on his way to the New Palace at Westminster. There's Sandstone, the hardest-going fellow that ever spirited up the river; but he came up from Winchester, has coached carefully, and is sure of his fellowship after to-day. There's — but what is the use of all this! What am I to do! My eye fell mechanically on the newspaper which had been left in my room by Grouter, when I refused to join his party, with the remark, that "there were some instructive remarks, highly adapted for a contemplative state of mind, in the Right Honorable Lord Cinderley's speech, at the Destitute Goldsmiths' and Jewellers' annual dinner," and so, to divert my thoughts from myself and my fortunes, I turned, with a grim smile of satisfaction, to read the debate on a matter in which I had not the smallest interest, "the income tax." As I read on, I came across the florid reference of Mr. Shiel to the gentlemen of the press in the reporters' gallery; and first, I was astonished to find they came within the tax at all, and next, that the accomplished little orator who was talking of them should have carried with him the applause of the house when giving a highly eulogistic sketch of their attainments and abilities. My slight knowledge of the mysterious operations of that great agent was derived from occasionally seeing a red-faced, dirty, bald-headed man, in a state of extremest seediness, attending the meetings of a political club of which I was a member, as the representative of the "county luminary," which certainly cast a most unsteady and alcoholic light on most of the topics presented to it by the gentleman in question. The idea suddenly flashed across

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